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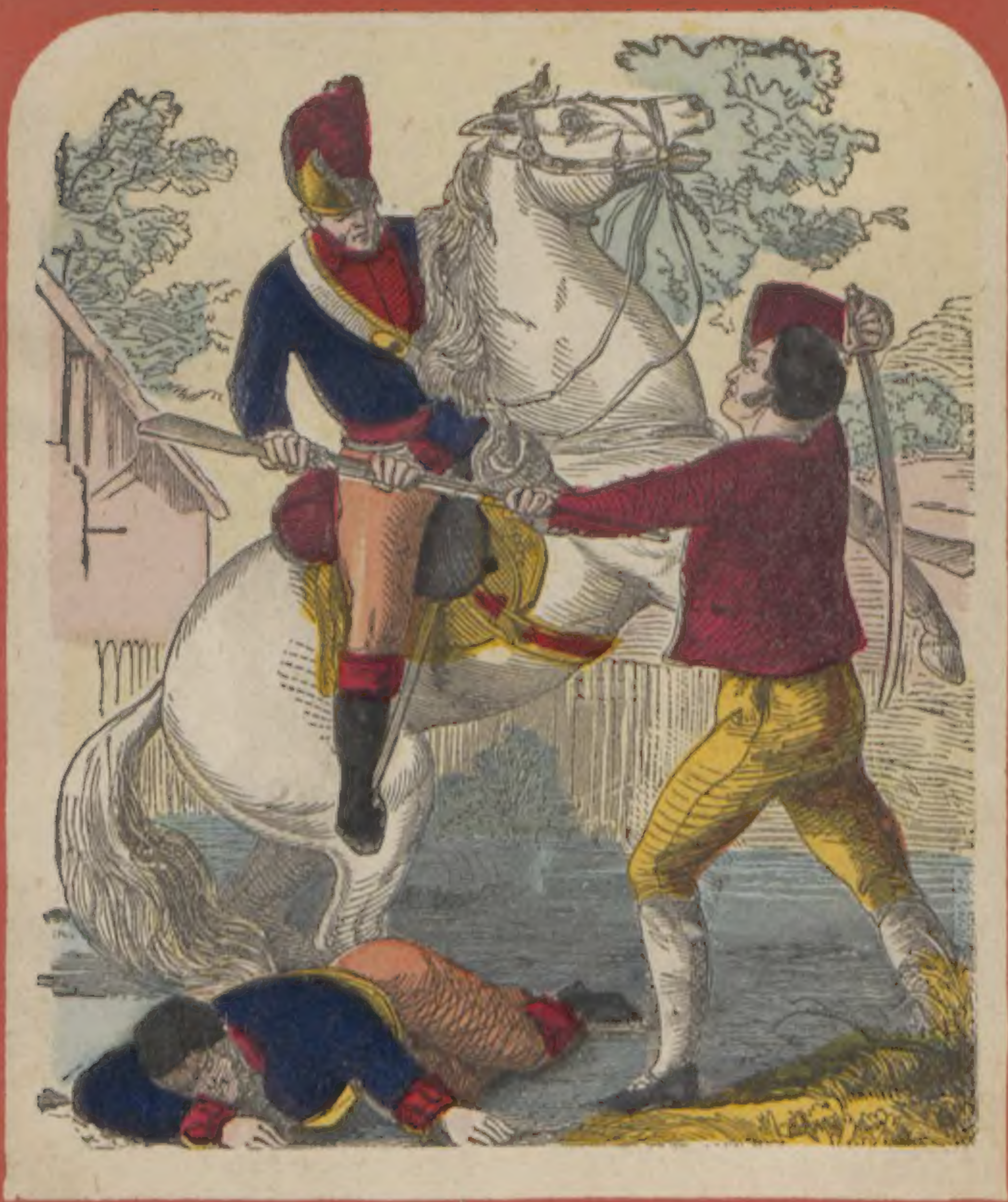
POCKET NOVELS

Giant Pete, the Patriot.



GIANT PETE, THE PATRIOT;

OR,

THE CHAMPION OF THE SWAMPS.

A ROMANCE OF OLD '76.

BY W. J. HAMILTON,

AUTHOR OF THE FOLLOWING POCKET NOVELS:

13. THE FRENCH SPY.
30. EAGLE EYE.
102. WILD RUBE.
110. NICK, THE SCOUT.
112. THE CROSSED KNIVES
122. KIT BIRD.

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GIANT PETE, THE PATRIOT.

CHAPTER I.

THE SAMPSON.

HARK!

A sound of many voices and the rush of horses' hoofs woke the echoes of one of those dense swamps which abound in South Carolina, and others of the Southern States. Then the bushes cracked and parted, and a man came out into the open space, panting for breath, and sunk down for a moment upon a little hillock, to recover his breath again. He was a man whom nature had endowed with wonderful physical gifts. In stature he was about six feet two inches, and of corresponding girth. His shoulders would have done credit to the Farnese Hercules, and his strong arms would have done good service in any emergency. He was dressed in a sort of half-military, half-civilian costume, and was heavily armed. A pair of pistols protruded from his belt on either side, and beside them hung a heavy knife. In his right hand, which rested on the hillock, he carried one of the long bead rifles in vogue during the Revolution. His head was covered by a coon-skin cap, which was placed jauntily upon one side. The barred tail of the raccoon drooped almost to his shoulder.

The face of the man was a study. No one, looking at the firm lip and deep-set eyes, could have doubted for a moment that he was a person of great decision and courage. The whole face indicated an indomitable will, and a resolution which nothing could daunt.

"Ha!" he muttered, "they press me close. The deuce! If Campbell gets me once in his clutches, I can look for short shrift and sudden cord. That is certain."

All about him he could hear the sound of his pursuers' voices and the tramp of their feet. He looked uneasily around.

The sounds seemed to come from every direction, and some very close at hand. Could he escape them?

The man was a Whig, and these were the days of "Tory ascendency," when, to be a Whig and fall into the hands of the loyalists was certain death. Huck harried the country about Dorchester, and many a blackened chimney rose in the places where happy homes had stood. It was a dark day for those friendly to the cause of the colonists. Many had taken "protections," and some, who had waited in vain for the success of the patriots, had given up in despair.

"There must be some way out of this," said the Whig, rising slowly. "I must study it out."

He began to move along the ridge upon which he stood, listening carefully for the pursuers. He could hear them yet, on all sides, and some not a hundred yards away, breaking through the underbrush. He set his teeth hard, for the cry which he had heard was "Death to the accursed Whig!"

"That's it," he thought. "Death to the Whig. Now, God's curse upon the bloodthirsty hounds. A man's life is nothing to them, if he be a Whig. Ah, when will this poor country have rest? At any rate, while we are above-ground, there will be some who will strike for the independence of this land. Oh, for that day to come!"

At this moment he caught a glimpse of the pursuers on his right. They were two in number, and were stationary. Both had dismounted, and were standing beside their horses. Each held a pistol in his hand, ready to fire. Both were determined-looking men, and one, the younger, was a handsome youth, dressed in a costly garb. The sword at his thigh was in a scabbard richly chased with silver, and had a jewel in the hilt. He wore a mustache, the long ends of which drooped to the neck. His skin was smooth and fair as a woman's. His eyes were dark, and his lips, when smiling, showed a set of teeth which were faultless. And yet, this young man, with his smiling face, and almost boyish air, was one of the most terrible of the foes of America. One of her own sons, bred on her own soil, knowing the habits and haunts of their troops, he had well earned his rank of major; for this was Major Lawrence Campbell, better known as "Wild Lawrie."

"Ha," growled the Whig, "it's you, eh? I thought it might

be. Now I could do the country good service by putting a ball through his head. I wish I dared. Wild Lawrie would harry this section no more."

As the other pursuers seemed to recede from the spot where they stood, and passed away in the distance, the Whig began to breathe more freely, and, with his accustomed hardihood, made no attempt to get away for the present, but dropping under the bushes, he crawled as near them as he could without betraying his presence.

"Zounds!" said Wild Lawrie, "the sound seems to pass away. I hope the villain will not escape. Of all men whom I have chased, I should be glad to hang the Virginian Sampson. You are sure it was he, Phillips?"

"Who could mistake him? The ruffian was in Dorchester last night."

"That is the worst of it. There are Whigs enough in Dorchester to-day, if they only dared to speak. A black curse upon them! I know many a one whom I would hang to-morrow, if it were not for the squeamishness of the commander-in-chief. I want him to understand that half-way measures will not do. It is impossible to do any thing with this misbegotten rebellion, except by the strong hand. Let them look to their necks. I know some who long to break their protections. Ha! ha! that was a happy thought; how it chafes their proud hearts to live on under the protection of the government, knowing, as they do, that they are despised by both parties. I thought I heard a noise then."

"The wind, or the sound of voices dying away in the distance. The fellow could not get this way, I hope," said Phillips.

"Why do you hope that?" demanded Lawrence, sternly.

"Because I have my doubts which would come off best," replied Phillips.

"Are you a coward?"

"No man ever called me one yet," replied the other, laying his hand on his sword-hilt with an angry look.

"Tush! take your hand from your sword. Do you know what would happen to you if I were fool enough to pay attention to the menace you imply by that action? Take care!'

"Then beware what you say."

"I asked the question because I was astonished to hear a man

like you make the statement you did. To be sure, this fellow is of powerful build, but is his frame proof against a pistol-bullet, or a blade like this of mine?"

"I am afraid you do not know my friend the Virginian Sampson yet. Indeed, I am quite certain of it. I hazard the opinion that if you were so unfortunate as to miss him, your life would not be worth *that*."

Phillips snapped his fingers.

"Cool, upon my honor. You have a most excellent opinion both of your own prowess and of mine. I give myself more credit than you do, however. What do you know of the fellow?"

"I know he has the strength of three ordinary men in those broad shoulders of his. I have seen him, in a battle, take a powerful man by the shoulder and waist, lift him out of his saddle, and raise him above his head as easily as you or I would lift a child of ten years."

"Then we will give him credit for possessing great strength. What are his other good qualities?"

"He is a born scout, and beats the very swamp suckers on their own ground, if we may dignify such a hole as this by the name. A trail is so much printed matter to him, and he reads it like an open book."

"Very good."

"He is a spy of the first water. He knows every one, and has some hold upon families along these rivers, by which he makes them aid him, whether they are Whig or To—"

"Sir!" thundered Lawrence.

"I beg your pardon—royalist, I was about to say. I have heard so much of the talk of these fellows that I pick up some of their phrases."

"Be careful how you use them; I am not apt to receive any such phrases kindly. I will not be called Tory."

"Dog eat dog," thought Sampson, for he was the man whom they chased. "I wish I could get at them; I'd knock their heads together soundly. There wouldn't much brains run out if their heads did get bu'sted. 'Twould sarve 'em right."

"Drop the idea of making use of any such terms," continued Lawrence. "As for this spy, God pity him if he ever falls into my hands."

"What will you do with him?" asked Phillips.

"Do with him? What a question. What do you suppose trees were made for? I have ornamented some in that way, and mean to do more of it before I die."

"Not if I dared to shoot," thought the Sampson. "No, sir Oh, if I only dared."

"If these scoundrels of mine let him slip through their fingers, I will hang two or three of *them*, as an example to the rest. I was not with you when you started him. Where was it?"

"Over yonder, near the Bryant plantation. We came round the corner suddenly, and there he was, riding along as coolly as if the whole universe belonged to him. I was not the only one who knew him. Chaffee and Watson and half a dozen more saw him. I sounded the bugle to call you up and put after him. He made for the swamp, as the dogs always do."

"Curse them and the swamp. It has saved many a Whig," said Lawrence.

"And is the grave of many another," thought the Sampson. "My finger itches. I can't hold on much longer. I wish he'd put that pistol in his belt, I do."

"Just as he got to the edge of the swamp, a chance shot struck his horse. He fell, but the Sampson is too smart to get entangled, and kept his feet clear. He left the horse on the ground and put out. I went after him. Just then you came up, and the rest you know."

"Well," said Lawrence, uncocking the pistol and putting it in his belt, "I am afraid the scoundrel will get away, if he is as cunning as you say. And yet we pressed him very close. Hark! It seems to me they are coming this way."

"So they are," muttered the Sampson, *sotto voce*. "Worse luck."

Scarcely ten feet separated him from his enemies. He rose slowly, grasping his rifle firmly in his strong brown hands. A tiger-like bound, and Phillips sunk to the earth, under a blow from the iron-bound butt. Then he turned suddenly, and closed with Lawrence, before he had time to draw a weapon. With a single effort of his powerful muscles, the

giant tore him from the ground and dashed him to the earth with a force which deprived him of all consciousness.

Ten minutes passed, and Lawrence regained his senses and rose to a sitting posture. Almost simultaneously, Phillips stirred, and followed his example. And there sat two of his majesty's liege subjects, with as woebegone faces as could be found in the colonies.

"Captain Phillips," said Lawrence, "what does this mean?"

"Don't ask me," moaned Phillips. "My head is split."

"Every bone in my body aches. Is that the scoundrel you told me of?"

"The identical villain."

"Do you see him anywhere?"

"I can not say that I do. And if I were to say I had any desire to see him, I should violate some of most sacred principles of truth," replied Phillips.

"Phillips!" said Lawrence, "I beg your pardon for the warmth of my observations a short time ago. You said this fellow was the devil. I agree with you in every particular. He *is* the devil."

"I knew it. I say, major, I hope you will excuse me, but where are your weapons?"

Lawrence looked. To look was the signal for a volley of profane language, all directed at the head of that worthy man, the Sampson. In the midst of it he was interrupted:

"Another thing, major. Of course, it don't matter. My weapons are gone, to. But, did it occur to you before now that we came here on horseback?"

If Lawrence had been profane before, his words were white as wool compared with the flood of bitter language which poured from his lips when he found that the horses were gone. The Sampson, not content with taking their swords, pistols, and carbines, had gone so far as to take both horses as well.

"Sound your bugle," shouted the major. "Hurry up these lazy knaves."

"Yes, major. Any thing to oblige you. But—"

"What is the matter?"

"He has *stolen* my bugle," said Phillips.

"The sly knave. He is away, with two of the best horses in the colony, a sword of mine worth a hundred guineas, another of yours worth twenty, a pair of silver-mounted pistols, and—yes, by Jove, he has got my purse It was in my waistcoat pocket, and *that* was in my saddle-bag. You are a nice sort of fellow to watch, Captain Phillips."

"To be sure! We were together, major. Come. There is no use in getting angry with each other. Let us bend our energies to the work of catching this thieving scoundrel, if we can. He can not have got far away."

"Fifteen minutes' start ought to be enough, knowing the swamp as you say he does. Call up the men. Shout with me."

"A moment, major. Did it occur to you that we are in a disagreeable situation, and that the men will have the laugh on us, unless we think of something to say? It will not sound well in our report to the commanding officer that two of his officers allowed themselves to be beaten and robbed by one man."

"You are right. What shall we say?"

"We left our horses here, and the scoundrel came out of the woods and stole them."

"But our weapons?"

"Curse the luck. I'm afraid we must tell the truth. I see no other way. No; how will this do? He had three other men with him, and assailed us suddenly."

"Umph! Well, you do the lying. I will swear to any thing you choose to say."

They now began to shout at the top of their voices, and directly after the men came trooping in. They were a motley group as far as nationality was concerned, though the Scotch and German element predominated. They had a uniform of black, relieved by red belts and shoulder-straps. They were armed as mounted rifles, carrying both sabers and carbines. This band had been collected and drilled by "Wild Lawrie" himself, and, under his fostering care, they had become the most bloodthirsty set of ruffians ever sent as the scourge of the South. Woe to the man with Whig proclivities who came within their district! He was foredoomed. They knew no mercy, and one of them always carried at his saddlebow

a coil of rope, for the necks of the victims they ran down.

"What's the matter hyar?" said Sergeant Chaffee, a burly ruffian, of powerful frame, with a scar upon his cheek. "We can't find him. Why did you call us back? Eh! Whar's your horses?"

"They are gone," said Phillips.

"Where to?" roared Chaffee.

"The very man you are in search of, accompanied by two more of his ruffians, set upon us suddenly, while you were actively engaged in searching just where he had not been, and it is a mercy we escaped with our lives."

"You don't tell me that! Three of 'em, you say? And Sampson with 'em? Then I don't blame you for gittin' licked. Say, whar's your sword, major?"

"They stole that with the rest. Waste no time. Mount and away. Follow him until you run him down."

"You mean the Sampson? What! Don't you care for the other fellers?" said the sergeant.

"Not so much. This man I will have. Bixby, give me your horse. Carter, dismount and give yours to the captain. You may return to camp. I want your sword, too."

"And if we catch 'em?" growled Chaffee.

"You have a coil of rope before you. You know the rest. Forward!"

CHAPTER II.

THE SWAMP BUGLE CALL.

They found the tracks of the horses which the scout had taken possession of, and followed on the trail. The leader, bold and resolute, rode in front, keeping Chaffee, who was a born scout and swamp sucker, by his side. These men, who were "raised" upon the borders of the swamp, and who spent half their time in it, hunting, fishing and trapping, were invaluable aids to the leaders on both sides, in the partisan warfare in which they were now engaged. Chaffee himself was the right-

hand man of "Wild Lawrie," and was ready to do any cruel deed for the sake of his master. They had been together since the war began, and many a tale of piteous massacre, if traced to its source, would have had them for actors in it.

"There he went," said Chaffee. "See, this is the track of your horse, Black Diomede; I know his hoof-mark well enough. I shod him myself."

"You were a blacksmith before the war?" said Lawrence, in a questioning tone.

"Yes, sir—that is, I was farrier, horse-doctor, jockey and the like, to gentlemen who lived about here. I knew this man we are in chase of well; Francis was his name—Peter Francis. He came from Virginia, and we've got a habit of callin' him Sampson. He's a mighty strong man, and that's a fact. But it don't do for him to grapple me and throw me around; leastways, not easy. I'm a tough colt myself, you understand."

"I know it," said Lawrence. "There—the trail turns to the right; we shall be on better ground soon."

"Yer mighty right; he's made straight for a ridge that runs through the swamp hyar, and he's been gaining on us every jump. Happen ye mout have seen this 'ere scar on my face?"

"I never thought to ask you where you got it," said Lawrence. "It is a bad scar."

"That's the Sampson's love-work. I've laid it up ag'in' him. I'll tell you how it happened, as we must ride side by side along the ridge. It was in the Santee region, it mout be a year ago. If you remember, you sent me on a scout across the river. When I come back I carried this scar."

"Yes, I was busy at the time, and you said nothing about it."

"That's true: I didn't care to talk about it. I fell in with a convoy Balfour sent up from below. It wasn't a large one, and I traveled with them a bit, as I knew the captain that had it in charge. We had got into a wood-path, and these devils of Tom Manly's broke out of the cover and rode us down. They was after the wagons and got them, too—seven wagons, and the worst of it was, they were loaded with arms and medicines. Going to Ninety-six they was. Pete Francis came at me with a saber. Now I rather pride myself on my sabre-play, and I

thought I could stand up ag'in' him. But, Lordy! a man has no idee of the strength of his arm."

"I rather think I know about it," said Lawrence. "I can sympathize with you in your calamity."

"Well, I threw up my saber and the blow came down. It cut through my saber like a straw, and I landed on my head in a minute. When I got up, kinder stunned, they was after the dragoons, who ran like heroes. I crawled into the bushes and made off. But I laid the blow ag'in' him; I promise you that; and if I meet him ag'in, we don't part until I try if my saber isn't stronger than it was before. The trail freshens; we can't be fur from him now."

"He harbors with Tom Manly, you say? I've got a score to settle with that man some day. I've reason to think he's trying to block a little game of mine. You understand?—the girl."

"Ah! is he *there?* Then look out for him, for he is a gallant chap, enemy though he be. I tell you, no man hates a Whig worse than I do, but I do admire Tom Manly. A dashing dragoon like that *must* be admired, you know."

"Curse you!" growled the royalist; "I believe you would like to follow him."

"*You* know better than that, Major Lawrie. Give the devil his due."

"I'll do that. Let me meet Tom Manly—and I shall meet him yet—and then let our swords prove which is the better man. It won't be Manly, for— Ha! there he is! After him, ye devils! Take him alive if you can—dead if you must Forward, all!"

The sudden order was elicited by seeing the stout figure of the Sampson, bestriding the powerful black horse which he had taken from Lawrence, riding at a leisurely pace along the ridge, *facing toward them!* As he saw them, he reined in suddenly, and turning the black horse in his tracks, darted away along the ridge. The Tories uttered wild yells and started in pursuit. Forward was the cry! Sampson was riding at full speed, and trailing out behind him, in full cry, came the relentless pursuers. The second chase of the day had begun. But, to the surprise of everybody, he did not seem to be making a very determined effort to escape, but

rather to be riding at his ease, and holding in his horse slightly. He had ridden the horse long enough to understand his powers, and believed him to be a remarkable animal, far superior to any in the company of those in pursuit. Their anger only made him laugh, and he rode with a loosened rein, looking over his shoulder at his pursuers. He saw them lead off to the right and left through the swamp, with the design of cutting him off.

"Ay, ay, my lads, that's right; follow Pete Francis; and if you don't wish you had followed the very devil himself, I lose my guess—and I am considerable of a Yankee at guessing."

He saw that only two men were likely to press him very close, and that these were the major and Sergeant Chaffee, probably the best soldiers in the band. They were closing with him, when they saw, just in front of him, eight feet from the ground, a huge sycamore which had fallen and lodged. A triumphant shout broke from the lips of the pursuers, for they thought him trapped. Not so Peter Francis. Giving his powerful beast the spur, and shouting to him, he lifted him to the leap. The pursuers held their breath in admiration as they saw him clear the log in gallant style, and dash on along the ridge, rather accelerating his speed. They passed around the big log, wading through the swamp, and again gained the ridge. But the Sampson was now as far in front as at the outset, and was again riding at his ease.

"The impudent scoundrel," gasped the leader. "Take a shot at him from the saddle, Chaffee; you may bring him down."

Chaffee drew up, and unslinging the carbine from his back, took a long sight at the flying man. But, somehow, just as he pulled the trigger, the burly form of the Sampson slipped out of the saddle, and the ball whistled harmlessly away. The next moment he sat erect, uttering his ringing, hearty laugh.

"The devil fly away with that rascal," said Chaffee. "He dodged the ball, I believe."

"I would give the world to have that man in my command," said Lawrence. "Ha! what is that? By heaven, we are surrounded! Sound your bugle there. Recall the men."

The wild notes of the bugle, ringing out through the arches of the woods, recalled the scattered troop. As they gathered upon the ridge, another bugle answered theirs, and rifles began to play upon their ranks, and several of the men dropped from their saddles, dead and wounded. At the pause succeeding, a clear voice cried:

"Charge!"

A wild shout broke from the woods about them, and they saw the forms of men and horses breaking through the timber.

"Stand firm," cried Wild Lawrie. "If you let these scoundrels beat you, die the death you deserve. Stand up like men. Draw sabers; rifles are useless now."

As he spoke, three separate squadrons of horse broke out of the woods and fell upon his force. A strange band they were, dressed in every conceivable garb, from the rich garments of the gentleman to the homespun hunting-shirt of the swamp sucker. But every eye beamed with the light of liberty, and every voice rung out in the cry:

"Down with the Tory dogs!"

Leading the largest squadron rode a man about Lawrence Campbell's own age, of a noble figure, whirling a saber over his head. As they came nearer, a looker-on could have seen that this man loved the clash of steel and the sound of the bugle. His blue eyes laughed, and his lip smiled, even as he hewed down a Tory who threw himself in his way.

"Tom Manly!" cried Sergeant Chaffee. "Now I'd be the one to say 'heel it, boys, trouble ahead;' but the major won't have it. At them, ye devils! at them, I say!"

The opposing forces met, and then ensued one of those terrible frays for which the partisans of the South were so noted in their day. Every island in their swamps has a history. Here, such a man died; there, another was hanged; at this point, Sumter fell upon a convoy and cut it to pieces; yonder Singleton made his name famous. It is to redeem such deeds from oblivion that such narratives as these become a necessity.

The forces were not unequal, but the Tories were best armed. King George had dealt out munitions of war with a lavish hand, and the sabers of the Campbell Scouts, as the

band of Campbell was often called, were of the best description. But Manly's troop were armed as they were dressed, with every description of weapon. One man rode into the fray with a long knife strapped firmly on a light hickory pole, which he used like a lance, and unhorsed two or three of the enemy. Another wielded an ax. Perhaps half of them had sabers. In spite of these deficiencies, they rode into the battle with a cheerful courage, worthy of the cause in which they fought.

Peter Francis was there by the side of Captain Manly, and Campbell saw that he bore in his hand the splendid sword which he had robbed him of in their first encounter that day. And nobly he used it. Horse and rider went down under the strokes of his powerful arm. No steel was keen enough to turn aside his blows.

"Well fought, Sampson!" cried Manly. "Yea, well fought, my gallant sergeant. Take Chaffee; I am for the worthy Major Campbell. Charge again."

They had drawn back for a moment when these words were spoken, and the troop again rushed down with resistless force. The man with the pole bore his opponent over his horse's tail, and landed him on the sod, fifteen feet away. He was an Irishman, and thought it necessary, having achieved victory, to stop and give vent to an Irish cry of triumph:

"Hill-a-loo!"

"Well done, Darby!" cried Francis. "Now, Chaffee, we meet again."

"I ain't afeard," said Chaffee. "Do your wust. I'm a swamp sucker, I allow. I don't back down for no man. Take that."

The words were accompanied by the report of a pistol, and the sergeant uttered a triumphant cry as he saw the stunted form of Francis reel in the saddle. He rushed on with a saber, but the Sampson was ready.

"That was a coward's shot, Ned Chaffee," he shouted. "It did not do the work. Take care of your head, for I will lay it low."

Chaffee rose in his stirrups and made a savage cut at the speaker. He received it on the blade of the beautiful weapon confiscated that morning, and returned it by a thrust

which took effect in the left shoulder of the Tory. Up and down the trampled sod, cutting, thrusting and parrying, rode the two dragoons, while the others fought on beside them, each forgetful of any except his immediate opponent. Such a conflict could not last long, for there was not a man in the British service who could stand up successfully against the Sampson. The saber was broken in the Tory's grasp, and seizing him by the collar of the black coat, Francis jerked him out of the saddle, and passed him to the rear. Captain Manly had ridden down the major and taken him prisoner. The rest of the band were scattered, and flying for dear life through the mazes of the swamp, pursued by the men they had often hunted up and down the same passes, until the bugle of Manly called them back from the chase.

Campbell had regained his feet, and was looking viciously at his captor; but, as he was held by two powerful men, looks could do no harm. Manly, too much a gentleman to exult over a fallen enemy, said nothing; but Francis had no such scruples.

"Barked up the wrong tree, mister," he said.

"Arrah, be aisy," said Darby. "Don't ye see that the jintleman is in throuble?"

"Darby Garraghan," said Campbell; "what are you doing here?"

"Phat w'u'd I be doing here but fighting for the liberties av the counthry," said Darby.

"In other words, you have deserted from your regiment."

"Not a bit. I kem up from below wid my masther, an' these devils kem out av the bush an' took us. Phat w'u'd I do?"

"Wait until you were exchanged. You will be shot if you are taken, my lad."

"Faix, thin it's meself must look til it that I ain't taken. Now see; I'm an Irishman meself, til the backbone. I kem over in the Seventh because me landlord tuk the bit an' sup out av the mouth av me, an' stole me land. Phat thin? W'u'd I fight very hard fer a counthry that's takin' the life an' soul out av poor ould Ireland? Let me tell you that there's many a lad like me in the king's army."

"I hope I will live to see you hanged."

"I hope not, masther; but it's little good a poor divil gets from the likes of you."

"Don't worrit him, Darby; don't ye see he is mad?" said Francis. "I rather guess he won't chase me through the woods ag'in. I'm thinkin' it won't pay him."

"You will get your pay some day, you scoundrel. Where is the sword you stole from me this morning?"

"Stole! That's a hard word, mister. I didn't reckon you'd call that stealin'. It didn't seem so to me. I captured that hoss of yours an' the other captain's hoss, and the swords and pistols and sich, an' I don't see that you've got any call to say it's stealing."

"It is. You are a low thief."

"Take keer," said Francis. "I'm not easy riled; but let me tell you that you can't wag your tongue as free here as you kin in the garrison at Charleston or Ninety-six, mind that. You call me a thief ag'in, and I'll give you a back-handed wipe that'll settle you."

"What is this?" said Manly, who had been busy elsewhere. "Francis! talking to a prisoner in that way?"

"He called me a thief. An' if he was to do it ag'in I'd make him sorry for it, that's all."

"Major Campbell should be too much of a gentleman to use such language," said Manly. "But he is a prisoner and that protects him. No more of this, Francis."

"I will have no cursed Whig dictate what I shall or shall not say," cried the angry man. "Look to yourself. You can triumph now, but your triumph will not last. When I am exchanged I will follow this band from haunt to haunt until I get them to the wall, and when I do—"

"What then?" said Manly.

"They will trouble us no more."

"Bring some *men* with you," said Manly. "These fellows you had to-day are not good stock. They run too readily, I think. Let this pass; we waste time. Francis, take out twenty of the men and convoy the prisoners to camp. Take good care that none escape."

"I wouldn't advise them to try it. Darby, come here," said Francis.

The Irishman followed him aside, and assisted him to

calling out the requisite number of men. The battle, aside from the fact that it had rendered one of the most notorious of the Tory bands useless for a time, had been the means of furnishing the Whigs with sabers of the most approved make. Besides this, they had taken seventeen prisoners. Francis passed from man to man, and conferred with them. This done, he came back to the captain and drew him aside.

"I've sounded 'em, capt'in, and five of 'em will do! That's four more I think will come in, if they are 'tended to. The rest are only fit for hanging. We won't have any thing to say to them, not a word. As for the five I spoke of, give 'em sabers, and take them along with you."

"Will they fight, think you?"

"Like the devil. They are Irishmen, and they are lads who have little heart for fighting on the British side. They like fighting; there ain't a nation on the face of the 'arth that turns out better soldiers, or men that will b'ar trouble better. But they like fighting on the side of liberty, they do."

"Name the men that you think will join you."

"Here they are. Darby has got 'em in tow."

Darby joined them, with a broad grin on his face, leading five men, whose faces were tokens of their nationality. Irish, heart and soul! The battle over, in which they had borne their share bravely, they had no hatred of their opponents.

"What's your name?" said the captain, addressing the foremost man.

"Let me be masther of ceremonies," said Darby. "This b'y ye see before ye is Mr. Terence O'Grath, from county Antrim; and, av ye may credit the tale he tells, he's a broth av a b'y. This one is Pater Dorrence, from Lietrim, an' av I may belave him, he is own brother in divilry to Terence. Don't wink at me Terence, agra; that's no good. This is Dooney Harris and his brother Tim; he have no other relations. This is Con Dunn, and he's from Cork. Ye might know he's a Corkonian by the style av his nose."

"Arrah, wait until I get a chance at ye, an' sure I'll try whether I can whirl a shillalah as well as any man from Dublin," said Dunn. "Saving the masther's presence, I kin bate the head av ye, Misther Darby Garraghan."

"Nonsense," said Manly. "No quarreling here. My sergeant gives me to understand that you are willing to give up the infamous service in which you have been, and join the sons of liberty."

"Willing. I wouldn't say that," said Terence O'Grath. "Darby, dear, let me whisper a word in the ear av ye. Just a single word; no less."

Darby listened to him, and then spoke to the captain in a low tone. With a nod expressing acquiescence, the captain ordered the major and Sergeant Chaffee to be led away. The moment they were gone he turned to the Irishmen.

"Now, boys, what do you say? Irishmen have always been lovers of liberty, and it goes to my heart to see them fighting side by side with the men who have oppressed them for many years."

"Ye spake truth," said Darby. "Worse luck. No good iver kem to poor ould Ireland sence the English kem in."

"You are right, Darby. Come, men; will you join us?"

"Yis," said Terence; "an' glad to do it."

"How came you in this gang?"

"Sure, we was drafted to fill it up. We'll do our best for ye," said Terence.

"They will have to make another draft," said the captain, with a light laugh. "Now then, sergeant, pick out your men and take the prisoners in; I shall not be there until night."

"I'll take these men," said Francis. "I'm not afraid to trust 'em."

"No. Their companions in arms must not see that they have joined us for the present. I will take charge of them."

Saying this, the bugle sounded, and the troop marched away, leaving the Sampson and his picked men in charge of the prisoners.

CHAPTER III.

THE CAMP IN THE SWAMP RECESSES.

FRANCIS led the way through the swamp at a rapid pace, taking a blind, and, to any man not familiar with the route, a dangerous path. Dark trees bent close beside the way; trailing mosses hung from the branches and struck them in the face as they passed along. Slimy pools lay in the path, through which the feet of the horses splashed. At times they sunk fetlock deep in the mud. Two or three creeks had to be forded. All the way Campbell was on the alert, looking for a chance to escape. It did not offer. The man who had them in charge was too keen a soldier to allow them any opportunity for slipping away. Every prisoner's hands were tied behind his back, and his legs fastened under the horse's belly, while by his side rode a determined partisan, with a pistol in his hands, with orders to shoot any who attempted to escape.

On they went, and at last a gleam of light appeared. Directly after they stood upon the banks of a large creek, too deep to be forded. Here they halted, and Francis sounded his bugle. The bugle was answered by another, and shortly after three men appeared upon the other bank, and pushed out a flat-boat which had been concealed by the bushes upon the further shore. By the aid of this the party crossed. Here the giant proceeded to blindfold his prisoners.

"Now, my lads," he said, "I am a mild man; I never quarrel with any one. But I want to keep the way of getting to our camp a secret. I have blindfolded you all. But let me tell you that if the bandages come off, it's an unfortunate thing for the man wearing it I will shoot him, as sure as my name is Peter Francis."

"Hold on," said Chaffee, who had been working his head up and down in an attempt to loosen the bandage. "I'm afraid you have not tied this tight enough. It might slip off."

The other Tories were solicitous on the same account, and chuckling over the thought that they would not be likely to slip the bandages on the way, he started the procession again, and they moved on. For half an hour they rode over a more difficult path than the one they had previously traversed. At length they halted, the bandages were removed by the captors, and they stood in one of those swamp islands common in the South, and which were used so much by the partisan bands during the Revolutionary period. It was evident that this was an old rendezvous, for several rude log-cabins had been built, and a corral set up for the horses. Several men were lounging about in various places, who hurried up to meet them.

"Now, Clem," said the Sampson. "Glad to see you, Tom."

"Had a scrimmage?"

"Yes."

"Cleaned 'em out?"

"Yes; we had to. Don't bother now. Clear out the cabins. We must put these men in 'em."

The privates were ironed, and placed in a large cabin together. Sergeant Chaffee and his major were put in another. A man was stationed just inside the door with a loaded musket in his hand. Another was placed outside, and one in front of the small window. They had no idea that these prisoners should escape.

"Now look here, major," said Francis; "I've give this man his orders. Don't you stir. If you do, you'll be shot."

"You dare not."

"Don't you risk no money on that," said Francis. "I warn you ag'in' it. You'll be shot as sure as you try it on Them's my orders. I've got to keep you safe, and if I can't keep you alive, I'll keep you dead. An' let me tell you a thing. Thar's men out here that don't b'ar you no good will. So don't you rouse 'em."

"You'd better keep still, major. 'Tain't good for you to talk to him," said Chaffee. "You only get the rough side of his tongue. He's a born devil."

"Thank ye kindly, my boy. I'm glad you think so bad o

me. It makes me feel good all over when a cursed Tory speaks ill of me."

"I shall cut out your heart some day," growled the sergeant.

"I don't think I was borned to be rubbed out that ar' way, Chaffee; I don't really. If I thort thar was any chaince, I'd wring your neck now. Good-by; I'll send you something to eat."

"Don't be long fust," said Chaffee.

"It takes a good deal to put you off your feed, old man," said Sampson. "I'm a good honest grubber myself. It's r'asonable I should be, havin' so much body to take keer of."

The door closed, and the Sampson walked to the middle of the camp, where the men were seated about a fire, cooking their simple fare. It was a scene worthy of the days of Robin Hood. The fire cast a gleam upon the foliage around. The picturesque garbs and attitudes of some of the men, all combined to make a pleasant picture. Their food was rude enough. Corn bread, baked in the ashes, sweet potatoes, roasted in the same way, and some venison steaks.

"Who killed this deer?" asked the Sampson. "It's a beauty."

"I did that," said the man called Clem, with pardonable pride. "Shot him at two hundred paces and he on the full jump. Not a bad shot, I take it."

"A very good one. You can beat me at the rifle, I'm thinkin', but you can't beat me with the saber," said Sampson.

"No, because you can break a man's sword at one clip. Whom did you bring in with you just now?—the prisoners, I mean."

"Major Campbell and Sergeant Chaffee."

"What!" roared Clem. "Chaffee of the Campbell scouts?"

"There ain't any other of the name as I know," said Francis.

"Give me a sword, you!" shrieked Clem. "Curse him, I've got him at last. Don't you tech me, now, Pete Francis. Don't you try to stop me; I'll cut his throat."

But Francis threw his long arms about Clem, and held him

fast. He was a tall, wiry fellow, from the forks of the Edisto, and it required no common strength to keep him. Francis stood like a rock, holding him as a man might have held a child.

"Don't you think it, Clem. He's a prisoner. I owe him a grudge myself, but that don't count now. He kain't fight ag'in' you, and he with his hands tied."

"Let me loose, you," snarled the man. "I don't ask him to die without a fight. We will stand up and fight it out Let me go, I say. Pete Francis, I'm not joking now. I tell you he killed my father—hung him by his own door, and he an old man, too."

"Did he? Then he'll hang for it. Capt'in Tom is the man to do you justice."

"But I won't wait; I'll have his life, I will. Curse his black heart, the old man knew where I was hid, and the bloody villain found it out. He came with his men, and the way they used them old people is a sin even to think of. My blood biles when I think of it. Let up, I tell you, Pete Francis."

"I won't; I'm answerable for these prisoners. If any of them git hurt, it's my fault. I command this camp, and if you don't keep quiet I'll have you put in irons."

"You don't dare to do that acause a man wants to do his duty by his dead father. It ain't like you."

"'Sides that, Randall would not let you in; you know that well enough."

"I'd force my way. What do I care for his baggonet? It's nothin' to me, that ain't. I'd git at the brute, and draw his blood drop by drop. They say I ain't jest right in my head since the old man went that way."

"Promise that you will be quiet if I let you go, Clem."

"Yes," said the man, sullenly, "I'll be quiet."

Francis loosed his hold, and the man sunk down on the earth and laid his head upon his knees. His food lay untasted on the bark beside him. His comrades looked at one another in a commiseratory manner, and sympathized with his grief.

The meal was a very quiet one; a shadow had fallen upon the group. The jug was passed in silence, and each one, as

he took the draught, thought of the old man who was gone. Francis touched the patriot on the shoulder, and offered him the jug.

"Come, Clem, take a bit, lad; it will warm your heart. Good Jamaica is a comfortable creature, good for the body of man. I don't like to see one of our boys so down-hearted. Cheer up; you'll have your revenge out of this devil of it. I'll do all I kin for you when the capt'in comes in, but I kain't let you git at him, nohow."

"Have your own way, Pete, I kain't drink," said Clem. "I haven't the heart for it."

"Pass the jug, alanah," said Darby. "Sure an' it's a sad day when a man gets so low he don't care for a sup av the crayture. Whin that day comes to Darby Garraghan, it's him that will be afther wanting a grass quilt over him. God save all here."

With this pious aspiration, Darby raised the bottom of the jug in the air, and the liquor trickled down his throat. He paused, and drew a long breath. At the same moment Clem rose and left them.

"Ah-h-h-h!" he said, "that's good stuff; it warms the heart av a man. Be aisy, now, phile I tip ye a bit av a song. It's a new varsion av an old one. Be ready for chorus, now Clem's gone:

Old King George was a jolly ould soul,
And a jolly ould soul was he;
He called for a pipe and he called for bowls,
And he called for his ministers, one, two, three.
CHORUS—Tol de lol-lol, de lol, de lido;
Tol de lol-lol, de lol, de lido.

Old King George he said to North,
Oh "Phat, phat, phat," says he,
"Have you done with the army I sent forth,
To force a tax on tea, tea, tea?"
Tol, de lol-lol, etc.

"The divil may have them wid all me heart,"
Spoke out the ministers three;
"The bloody buggers won't take their part
In paying the tax on tea, tea, tea."
Tol, de lol-lol, etc.

Then King George looked at the minister then,
And he twiddled his thumbs;—did he;

And he moaned aloud, "Driving obstinate men,
I find to be sil-lee, lee, lee!"
Tol, de lol-lol, etc.

This was one of the many ludicrous songs which the queer poets of the New World got up as lampoons on the idiotic man who filled, not held, the throne of the united kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland. The words of the song amounted to little, but the ludicrous way in which it was delivered was enough to rouse laughter in any man. These borders-men do not retain sorrow long, and, now that Clem had left the circle, they began to be merry. In the midst of the hilarity, some one called upon Francis to relate some of his adventures, which were many and varied.

"It's a strange life," said Francis. "Pass the jug and I'll tell you. I never knew where I came from. When I was old enough to remember, I was in Ireland. I always thought I was a Portugee, but I wouldn't be certain. They said in Enniskellen, in Ireland, where I was brought up, that I was stolen when a child, and brought there. I'm not the fellow to stay long in one place, ye mind, and the first chance I got to come to this country I was off. A sea-captain came to Cork, and I apprenticed myself to him for seven years, to pay for a passage. When I got here, he sold my services to my old master, Winiston, of Virginia, and there I was when the war broke out. You may well think I wasn't the man to dally round a plantation when there was fighting going on, and my master was too good a patriot to keep an arm like this idle. So he sent me to the army. I went north, first, and I was in many a battle. I could tell you many a tale of the trouble there, and the fighting under Mad Anthony Wayne. You don't know much of Wayne here. Some of our men are like him. Sumter is like him in some things—in his dash and daring, for instance—"

He was interrupted by a pistol-shot near the cabin in which the sergeant was confined. Francis sprung to his feet and ran that way, followed by the men. They found Clem Waters making a desperate effort to force his way past the sentinel, who was wounded.

"Take him away," gasped the sentry. "He is mad."

Francis made a dash at him, and seizing Clem by the waist

and shoulder, lifted him free from the ground, and carried him to a cabin which was used as a guard-house, where he thrust him in and put a guard over him. Clem did not say a word, but his eyes flamed with the fires of madness.

"I'm afraid he's losing his head," said Francis. "Treat him kindly, boys."

CHAPTER IV.

FATHER MULDOON'S GHOST.

THE Sampson had scarcely spoken, when the distant sound of the bugle announced the coming of their troops. Peter sent out some men to meet them and take charge of the flat-boat, while he set about posting the sentinels. This was scarcely done, when the troop rode into camp, splashed with the mud of the swamp, and wearied by a long ride. They had found a small nest of Tories on the river, and broke them up, killing the man who had them in charge—a notorious rascal—and taking several horses and a quantity of arms.

"We are doing well," said the captain. "A few more such drives as this and we shall be able to arm and mount all the recruits we can get. The Tories are beginning to find out that I am here, however, and they will combine against me. If they do, I must push through the swamp and find Marion or Sumter. How are your prisoners, Peter?"

"Doin' famous. I've had a little trouble with one of the men."

Peter related the attempt of Clem Waters to get at the prisoner, and what he had done to prevent it. But, he also told the good reason the man had for hating Chaffee.

"I will see him," said the captain. "If it is as he says, nothing shall save the villain from the cord and tree. Where is Waters now?"

Peter pointed out the cabin, and Manly, giving his horse to his negro servant, opened the door and entered. Clem was lying face downward on the earthen floor, with his head upon

his folded arms. He did not even raise his head when the captain came in.

"Waters," said the partisan, "look up."

The man obeyed him rather sullenly. Manly did not like the look of his eye. There was a restless manner about him which was far from pleasant. The leader had long suspected that his misfortunes had been too much for the poor fellow's mind.

"My poor fellow," said Manly, "I am not angry with you in the least. Neither shall I punish you for what you have done."

"My father was old," said Waters; "his hair was white as flax; and that man hung him. I wanted to kill him. I must do it some time; it is impossible for him to escape me; he must die. I only live for that."

"I will right you, Waters. He shall be tried to-morrow, and if he is found guilty, my word for it, he shall hang. If I let you out of this will you promise not to let your passions get the mastery of you again?"

"I will try, captain. I don't know how it would be if I saw his face."

"Then keep away from him. Here, guard; your prisoner is discharged. You may go, Clem."

The guard touched his cap, and walked briskly away from his post.

"I don't know what has come over me lately, captain," said Waters. "I do my duty all right, but since I saw that scoundrel through the window I have felt as if I should go mad. I can prove that he killed my father."

"Then he is doomed already. You shall see him die the same death to which he devoted that old man."

"Thank you, captain. When I have my revenge, the rest of my life I will give to my country and you. But if he escapes—if he should escape! Sir, I have followed that man for a year; I have thought of him at night, when the dark forest was about me, and I waded through the dismal swamp. I have thought what a pleasure it would be to plunge him head-foremost into a slimy pool, to watch his struggles until they subsided into a calm. Yes, that would be rare sport."

"Waters, you carry your ideas of vengeance too far," said Manly.

"Do I? It don't matter. If I could sink him in the deepest pit the earth affords, deep down to the earth's core, and chain him to a hot rock to howl for ages, I would do it. But try him and hang him and I shall be satisfied."

"He shall have a fair trial, and it shall take place to-morrow. You may go now. I will see these prisoners myself, and if I can do any thing for them I will."

He turned aside toward the hut in which the captives were confined. They heard his entrance, and rose to meet him. Both looked savagely at him when they saw who it was.

"Major Campbell," said Manly, "I have just now returned to camp. I come to offer you your parole. Will you be free on the usual terms in such cases?"

"I shall make no promise not to attempt escape, sir," replied the major. "Your offer is refused. I have been insulted, thrust into this filthy hole, heavy irons on my wrists, and a man placed over me with a loaded rifle. This is not gentlemanly."

"Peter Francis lays no claims to gentility," said the captain, laughing. "But, he is a good sergeant for all that. As far as your liberty is concerned, you can only have it on the usual terms. If you like, I will send one of my men to Camden, under a flag, offering to exchange you for a Captain Seaton, a friend of mine, now in the prison at Dorchester. If you like this, I will send."

"The commandant would in all probability hang your messenger," said Campbell.

"Has he any regard for you?" said the captain, smiling in a strange way.

"I hope so," said Campbell, proudly. "I have given him cause to respect me."

"In that case, my messenger will be in no danger."

"And why not?"

"Because if he does not return within three days I shall take it as a signal to hang you. Of course your friends must do as they like; but I rather think they will let my man alone. Shall I send?"

"Yes; but for God's sake send them word what you intend to do."

"I intend to have my messenger take a letter from you to the commandant. He knows your handwriting?"

"Yes."

"Then write at my dictation. Here are pencil and paper Are you ready?"

"Go on."

"To the commandant at the post of Camden:

"SIR—I have been surprised in the swamp by a body of troops of the enemy, and made prisoner. I am offered in exchange for Captain Seaton, now in prison. Respect the messenger who bears this, whoever he may be, and allow him to depart peaceably. If he is harmed my life will pay the forfeit. They have sworn to hang me if the man does not return within three days."

"Let me add a few words," said the prisoner; "you may see them."

"As you like," said the captain, "although I have no wish to see it. For your own safety, you would do well to say nothing calculated to detain the person I shall send. It is three days' grace *only*."

"Umph," said Campbell; "give me more paper; I will re-write this."

The captain smiled as he complied with the request.

"We are not all boatmen and ragamuffins on the river," he said. "Write to suit yourself; the messenger I shall send will be one of my best men, and I consider him worth more than you. Now then, is it finished?"

Campbell scrawled his name, and Manly put the paper in his pocket without looking at it. Then the captain turned to Chaffee:

"Now, my man, I want a word with you. If I am not misinformed, your name is Chaffee—Sergeant Chaffee."

"I ain't ashamed of the name," said Chaffee, rather insolently. "What do you want of me?"

"Now look here, Sergeant Chaffee," said Manly, "you suffer your tongue too much liberty for a man in your position. Be a little careful how you wag it, or you may chance to lose it I have heard ill news of you, and I come to inform you that you are to be tried to-morrow on the charge of murdering

an old man on the upper Edisto. His son will appear against you to sustain the charge."

"Murder, say you? I'd have you to know that I am a soldier, not a murderer. And an old man, you say? I know of no man who met his death on the Edisto, but the old Whig Waters, who deserved what he got."

"Reflect, that every thing you say will be counted against you," said Manly. "I caution you to be silent. That is the murder to which I refer. It is well for you that your guards were strong to-night, for the son of old Waters tried to break in, to kill you."

"Clem!" muttered the Sergeant, turning pale. "Is Clem Waters here? Curse him, he's mad! Keep him away from me, *you!* I ain't going to be run into like a deer on a tussock. I'm your pris'ner, and it's no more than fair you sh'u'd keep me safe."

"I shall do my best for you," returned Manly. "We have done so all along. Clem has promised to keep quiet if you are to have a trial."

"A trial? Curse your trials! What chance has a man like me in being tried by a Whig? There ain't nothin' right in it. They want to murder me, major; they've got a spite ag'in' me. Now you speak a word for me, major."

"I can do nothing; am I not a prisoner as well as you?" said Campbell.

"Be silent, Chaffee. I have heard of you often as a desperate villain, and a man who carries a lariat at his saddle-bow for the necks of the Whigs whom ill-fortune may throw in his way. You must take your luck as it comes. If you were born to be hanged, you can never be shot. That is cold comfort, but it is the best I can give you. Yet I promise you a fair trial."

"I will not be tried!"

"Ah! perhaps you know best. I incline to the opinion that you have no option in the matter, and must be tried, will ye, nil ye; so let us hear no more about *that*. My officers will deal fairly, even by a cutthroat. Now, major, you had better give me your parole; it will be more pleasant for you outside. The messenger shall start to-night, if you like."

"That would please me. Take the parole, with the unde-

standing that if I choose to withdraw it I am at liberty to do so."

"That shall be so understood. Guard, take the irons from Major Campbell."

The guard advanced and applied a key to the manacles, putting them in his pockets after taking them off. Campbell arose, and followed his captor into the open air. It was now dark night. A score of fires were lighted about the island, and about these fires were grouped the men, variously engaged. Some were playing at "all fours"; others were drinking and singing songs, and others telling tales of wild adventure. The two approached one of the fires, about which five or six men were seated. They rose as they saw the captain, and saluted. Darby and Peter Francis were among the number. Campbell looked admiringly at the broad shoulders of the Sampson.

"You have lusty arms, my man," said he. "I wish I had you in my troop."

"That's past praying for, major," said Peter. "I'm mortgaged, so to speak. The spirit of liberty has got a lien on me, and has made her claim good. It's a pity we can't say the same of all the sons of America."

"A sly dig at me, Peter. I was 'raised' with different ideas. I assure you that my ideas of right and wrong in this quarrel are as strong as yours, and any reverse to our arms tells as much on me as any success to us tells on you. Yet I respect a man in his own quarrel. You think you are right; I *know* you are wrong; that is all the difference."

"Don't let us discuss politics, major," said Manly. "We have enough of that on the days we meet with the blood-suckers in our hands. I'll tell you what I'll do. You know Darby. Then he shall tell you an Irish story; he's good at them. Darby?"

"Yis, sur; here, sur," replied Darby.

"Tell us one of your best stories."

"I don't mind it, av Major Lawrie will only quit lookin' at me out av the south-aist corner av his eye, an' thinkin' til himself phat a handsome picture he'd make av me whin he gits me in Camden. Sorra til the likes av it. Camden is a divil av a place."

"Never mind that now," said the captain. "Think of a good story, and go at it."

"Did ye iver hear the story av ould Father Muldoon's ghost?"

"Never," said Manly.

"Nor I," cried the major. "Let us have it."

"Before you commence, call my boy," said Manly.

The negro came at the call, received some whispered instructions from Manly, and departed. Then Darby gave a little cough, to bespeak attention, and began. The Irishman is a first-class story-teller, and Darby not a bad specimen of his tribe.

"Father Muldoon lived near Kerry, an' he was as jolly an ould sowl as ever tipped a bottle. By the same token he was fond av the social glass, and the divil a dhrop av punch w'u'd he l'ave in the bowl, if he c'u'd only git some wan to sit up on the ither side av the table. It was a beautiful place about Kerry, ye mind; a fine place as ye w'u'd wish to see—oceans av punch, an' the most beautiful girls that iver showed a nate ankle for the benefit av some favored youth, at a crossing. Let that go as it may, Father Muldoon, who sung a good song, and told a good story, and took his punch until the last man dropped, was a favorite everywhere, an' sorra the supper was given in the parts about Kerry but he must be one av the company.

"It happened one pleasant night in July that a number av officers gev a party at the barracks, an' av coorse Father Muldoon must come, for the b'ys at the barracks gev claret punch, an' the ould man was mortal fond av that same. The night opened pleasant, an' they soon pit a good quantity of the raal shtuff unther their jackets. It was about two o'clock in the mornin' that Father Muldoon, stopping suddenly in the middle av a song, kem to the conclusion that he was singin' til the four walls, an' that this sort av enjoyment was not much.

"'Phare are ye all, mavourneens?' he sung out. Sure they were unther the table, but the divil a bit did he know it. 'Sure, they've left the punch behind thim,' said Father Muldoon, pouring a small cup for himself. As he did so he raised his eyes, an' saw anither praist, dressed like himself, helping himself on the ither side.

"'The top av the mornin' til ye,' said Father Muldoon, bowing very pleasant. The other man bowed too, and said something, but Father Muldoon was in that state that he couldn't make out phat he said.

"'Glass av punch wid ye, sur," said Father Muldoon. 'Sure we are the last min above the mahogany, an' it's but fair we do aich ither justice. No leftaps, ye mind. Drink fair, phativer ye do.'

"He noticed that the ither praist kept on talkin' whin he was at it himself. Although Father Muldoon hardly thought it right to talk whin another gintleman had the floor, yit he said nothin', for, av the truth must be tould, he had a natural respict for a man who could sit up til a table as long as he c'u'd. However, whin he lifted his glass to see that it was full, the other wan did the same. 'Very odd thing this,' said Father Muldoon, sp'aking til himself. 'W'u'd he dare to mimic me? Perhaps he don't know me. Father Muldoon, av Kerry, won't take any nonsinse from any divil above the sod. But he don't mane it; if I thought he did, the blaguard.' Father Muldoon looked steadily at the praist across the table, an' the praist looked at him. Father Muldoon frowned, so did the ither, and thin the riverend father got angry.

"'May I ask the favor av yer name?' he sez, looking fiercely at the other. He mumbled something at the same time, but the divil a word c'u'd Father Muldoon make out. Thin he jumped up, and picked up a dayeanter, for the airs av the other praist made him mad. Besides, the fellow was dressed exactly like himself, an' had the impudence, whin Father Muldoon got up, to jump up too, an' saize another dayeanter.

"'Now look ye here, masther praist,' said Father Muldoon 'I have the greatest respict for the cloth, being a churchman mesilf; now av ye don't tell me, wanst for all, who ye are, an' phat ye mane by standing there wid a dayeanter in your hand, I'll let ye have it right in the jaw.'

"He mumbled something again, and Father Muldoon let drive. So did the other fellow, and then they made a pitch at one anither. There was a loud crash, and Father Muldoon settled down comfortably for the night. When he woke next day he told the story av the quarrel to ivery wan, an' most

av them bela'ved it except wan. Father Muldoon swore it was a ghost; but Mick Mattoon, av the Seventh, said it was no such thing, and that the praist had been conversing wid his own shad'ow in the big looking-glass upon the wall. To support this theory he pointed out a large hole in the middle of the glass, and the broken day-candle which lay scattered it. But most of father Muldoon's friends, sig-nalized this hole as a bullet-rept, got up to take the glory av seeing a ghost from Father Muldoon. Ye's may think phat ye like. That's the thrue story av the Father Muldoon ghost, in Kerry."

A peal of laughter ran round the fire at this queer story, delivered in true Irish style.

"Now it's your turn, Peter. Give us a song," said Captain Manly. "But before you begin, pledge us all in a cup of wine."

The negro "boy" had been standing near them for some time, waiting for the completion of the story. He now advanced, holding in one hand a large jug, and in the other five or six drinking-cups.

"You must excuse us if our silver does not bear the London trade-mark," said Manly, laughing; "but our silversmiths find other uses for that precious metal. It has been welded into bayonets and rifles, pistols and sabers. I think I can recommend the wine to you."

"Where did you get it?" said Campbell, looking at the bright liquor. "It is exactly like some of the claret they gave at Balfour's last reception in Charleston."

"Undoubtedly. For all I know to the contrary, this is the same wine. We took it from one of his convoys, going to Camden."

"The devil! I beg your pardon, but this is too bad. Upon my honor, I think Neslitt Balfour would break me of my commission if he knew I drank the wine you took from his convoy. He was sending that wine, as a special favor, to the commandant at the post of Camden."

"The commandant waited in vain. Now, Peter, if you are ready with your song, we are ready to listen."

Under the greenwood, merry men we
Dwell through the summer day,
Scarce can the sunbeam pierce the leafy tree

With its cheering ray.
Boot and saddle sounding,
At them once again,
Fighting for the flag of liberty,
All the southern horsemen
Charging them amain,
Shouting the battle cry—"We will be free!"

Oh, we love the clangor of the meeting steel,
In the bloody fray;
And beneath our banner, see the red-coats reel,
Greene shall win the day!
Boot and saddle, etc.

Sumter is the Game Cock, Marion is the Fox,
Live 'neath the greenwood tree;
In the forest fastness, each the Tory mocks,
Their merry men are we.
Boot and saddle, etc.

"Your patriotism is irrepressible," said the major. "But, though I can not echo the sentiment, I can at least applaud the singer. A glass of wine with you, worthy Peter. You are a man after my own heart—a fighting man. You downed me once. If I ever get a chance at you, I shall try to return the compliment. Is that fair?"

"Right enough; I say amen to that. To the victor belong the spoils. If you ride me down in the next battle, good for you. If I ride you down, hurrah for me. That's the way I look at it, and I believe I am right."

"I have heard tales of your feats of strength, Mr. Francis. Would it be asking too much of you to ask you to show us what you can do in that way?"

"I'm willin'," said the strong man, rising to his feet. "Come here, Darby. What is your weight?"

"One hundred and fifty, sure," replied the Irishman. "I'm a heavy b'y for me size."

"So you are. You are about his weight, Carr. I want you."

Another of the men rose from the fire, and came toward him. Taking a firm hold of each by the waistband, he lifted them clear of the ground, and swung them up like a pair of dumb-bells. They could see his powerful muscles rising under the sleeves of his coat. Such was his strength that it

seemed to be no great effort on his part to raise and lower the two men, laughing at their struggles to escape. Then he let them down and made Darby stand in the palm of his broad hand. Keeping him steady with his other hand, he lifted him, and stretched out his arm to its full extent, sustaining it exactly on a level and holding him there simply by the power of his muscles. Then five or six men laid themselves upon him, and he rose from the ground, lifting them easily.

While these sports were going on, a shrill whistle sounded from the swamp outside. Francis stopped and answered the call. The sound was repeated, and the giant whispered to the captain.

"Major Campbell," said the captain, "you will do me the favor to retire to the cabin. We have work on hand which does not need your presence."

CHAPTER V.

EMILY.

SCARCELY had the major disappeared when a scout entered the camp and conferred with the captain. Half an hour after Peter Francis left the camp, and took his way through the swamp toward the open country. He did not ride the horse which he had taken from Major Campbell, but the stout animal which he had bought from one of the troopers, on the occasion of the loss of his own animal. The horse he had captured was too well known in the country, and might have exposed him to danger in passing through.

He emerged from the swamp while it was yet dark, and made his way silently along the edge in the darkness, moving cautiously, for the country was full of Tory camps. About a mile from the swamp he reached a plantation residence, standing in the midst of a grove of oaks—a low white house, with many porticoes and verandas, built in the Southern style. All was darkness around. The scout tied his horse among the oaks, and approaching the building, passed around to the back

part. A ladder was lying upon the ground. He raised it cautiously and passed up to a window on the second floor where he tapped gently. A moment after the window was softly raised and a voice whispered:

"Is that you, Peter?"

"That's me," replied the scout, in the same tone. "Dare you come out?"

"Yes. Go down among the trees and wait for me. I am dressed, for I expected you, and I will join you in a moment."

The scout took down the ladder, and went to the place where his horse was tied. He had not long to wait. In a few moments the person he had roused from slumber came out of the house carefully. At the same time the moon, struggling from behind a cloud, revealed the figure of a young lady of surpassing beauty, whose eyes sparkled with pleasure as she saw the scout.

"I knew you would come, Peter," she said. "My heart told me that Manly would not wait much longer before he sent me word. How is he? I am afraid he risks too much. He ought to bear me in mind, and not peril his life rashly."

"He is brave, Miss Em'ly; you know that. There ain't no braver man in the swamps or out. At the same time he is cautious, and, though I do say it, it ain't every man can ride him down. No sir!"

"Was he wounded in any of the skirmishes? I heard the sound of firearms yesterday, all along the swamp, and I was afraid he might be in it."

"He was. They got arter me and ran me close. I led them whar I could call in the boys to help me, and they got golly west. And the best of it is, we have got Lawrie Campbell a prisoner."

"Ah, that is good; I am glad of that. Perhaps he will not sneer so much at Continental cowardice after this. Who took him?"

"Tom Manly is the fellow's name. He just rode that handsome youth down as if he really meant to do it. An odd thing; and he a major, too."

Emily laughed at this covert praise of her lover, and the scout joined with her.

"I knew Tom was brave," she said. "But, he is not braver than his sergeant. You are a strong man, Peter. You will always be near him in danger. You promise me that? And if his enemies are too many, you will join your strong arm with his?"

"Till I die," replied the scout, fervently. "I'm a rough man, Miss Em'ly. 'Tain't often that I find any one that cares for the like of me. But, Tom Manly does; and *you* do; and so you can count on old Pete Francis to the death."

"Thank you, Pete. Have you got a letter for me?"

"It kinder runs in my head that I *have*. I don't rightly call it to mind now, but it seems to me I have. I won't be sartin."

"Now, Peter."

"Thar it is. He didn't have much time. A scout had jest come in from Sumter. I am going to Camden to see about exchanging Lawrie Campbell."

"I would not exchange him, if I were you. Why not keep him?"

"We want to get Charlie Seaton," replied the scout. "Charlie has been in their hands a month, and they threaten him. They swear he had a protection. He swears he didn't, and I know he didn't. But, it is safest to have him out of their hands."

"You would not dare go to Camden."

"Maybe not. I'm thinkin' I would, though. I've been in the Post within the week and staid all night. We've better friends in thar than many people know of."

"But, they will take you. You would be called a spy if they found you there. Do not go, Peter. Tom has no right to send you on such hazardous expeditions as these."

"S'pose I like it! S'pose I'd rather go than not! I'll own that if they caught me anywheres they'd want to hang me the fast thing. But, when I whisper to 'em that Major Lawrie Campbell is in the swamp, mebbe they'd think ag'in. If they lay vi'lent hands on me, Tom Manly will lay vi'lent hands on Lawrie. That's about the way I look at it. If they think they kin afford to hang me, under them sarcumstances, I kin b'ar it. I'm goin' in with a flag."

"I am afraid my father will find that I correspond with

Tom. He is angry because I will not encourage Lawrie Campbell, and sometimes I have to be kinder to him than I would be if I had my own way about it."

"All fair in war. Cheat him all you kin, so that you marry Captain Tom in the end. He's good enough for any gal. So your father will stick to his Tory notions? That ain't right, seeing that he's got a darter that's a red-hot Whig. I'll have to pay him a visit some day, and convart him. 'Twould serve him right if I did."

"You must not quarrel with my father," she said.

"I shan't quarrel with him. I'll talk good, r'asonable talk to him and convince his jedgment that he's in the wrong. When he comes to see that, mebbe he won't be a Tory. It's a b'ilin' shame; I'll say that for him."

"But, he is my father. Did you not hear a step?"

"I heern some noise. I don't know who it was. Hush! crouch down. As surtin as you live, thar ar' men comin' up the avenue. Keep quiet, an' we kin see who it is."

They became silent as the grave, for several persons were coming down the avenue of oaks, at a stealthy pace, talking to each other in low tones. They stopped a few paces from the spot where the scout and his beautiful companion were hidden, and began to talk. The concealed companions could make out that they were earnestly discussing the way into the house.

"I tell you the old man is a Tory," said one of the men, "and Major Lawrie is sweet on the darter. Now, if we get the house, an' he finds it out, our necks won't be worth the snap of my finger, unlest we was to make all sure."

"How?"

The villain raised his knife in the moonlight, and drew the back significantly across his throat. The other two said not a word; they understood their leader's silent gesture. They were a part of the gang of Lawrie Campbell, who had just cleared the swamp, and who could not pass the plantation without an attempt at robbery. They were cutthroats all, the offscourings of a bad and cruel band. The hidden scout clenched his hands, for he ached to spring upon them and tear them limb from limb.

"Let's understand it," said one of those who had not spoken.

"We will break into the house, and if anybody is so unfortunate as to see us, we will put them out of their misery. I that the understanding?"

"That is it. Don't harm the gal if you kin help it. If it wasn't for this cursed uniform, we could make masks, and nobody would know us again. Let's get on this piazza and take off a shutter."

"What shall we do?" said Emily. "They will kill my father."

"No they won't; leastways, not while Pete Francis is around. If I ain't ekal to any low-lived set of swabs from Campbell's scouts, I'll sell out. Let me alone; I ain't afraid of 'em. Kin you git into the back of the house?"

"Yes."

"Then show me the way."

She led him to the back of the house, avoiding the piazza upon which the three ruffians were at work taking off the shutter. Emily had a key, and they entered the house.

"Take me into the room where the rascals are at work," said Pete, "and then go out into the hall, to be out of the way of a stray shot. They might fire at us."

He took his station just inside the window where they were at work, holding one of his large horseman's pistols by the muzzle, like a club. Emily was peeping through the half-opened door which led into the hall. She saw the shutter removed, and then the window was carefully raised and the scoundrels stepped into the room together, with their weapons in their hands. Peter Francis made two catlike steps, and reared his mighty arm aloft. Three blows, quick as light, and the robbers lay senseless in their gore, while over them, with folded arms, stood the Sampson.

"Have you got such a thing as a rope handy, Miss Emily?" he said.

"Certainly."

She hurried out and quickly returned, bringing what he required. It was cut into the required six pieces, and he tied his prisoners neck and heels. Then bidding Emily Chester good-by, he took his departure, promising to inform the authorities at the British post where to find the delinquents.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE LION'S JAWS.

MOUNTING his horse among the oaks, the bold scout rode away at a rattling pace toward the British garrison, new some four miles away. The morning was coming on, and as he mounted the crest of a little hill, looking down upon the Post he saw the gray light of the coming day streaking the east. As he paused a moment on the slope, the rattle of coming hoofs aroused him, and looking up, he saw Captain Phillips, at the head of a strong cavalry force, dashing up the slope The worthy captain had escaped by dint of spur, and was now on his way to attempt the rescue of his unfortunate fellow officer in the swamp. He caught sight of the stalwart figure of the Sampson, sitting on his horse with as much cool composure as if he had been watching a parade on a field-day. The captain shouted to his men to take him, but the scout placed his hands in his bosom and drew out a white flag. Phillips uttered a cry of derision.

"Do you suppose we will respect that flag, in *your* hands?" he demanded.

"Why not?" said the Sampson. "They are honest hands, and never harmed an honest man. I'm here under a flag. I don't want to see no little petty *captains;* I want the curnel."

"Why should I not hang you to yonder tree?" said Phillips."

Peter turned his eye toward the tree in question with a slight smile.

"I'd rather not, if it's all the same to you. I don't think I was borned for that, you know. When I go under, I don't think it will be that way. Take me to your curnel."

"I don't mind doing that," said Phillips. "He swore to me last night to hang you the first time you fell into his hands."

"That's hard," said Peter, with the same latent smile — "very hard to hang me acause I'm a poor man, and you have got the power. Don't you do it; 'tain't right. But, take me to your curnel. I'll have a word to say to him afore I go."

Phillips ordered his men to halt where they were and await further orders, while he, in company with the guard who had charge of the scout, rode back to the village. It was quiet as yet. But few people were in the street, and most of these were soldiers. These stared at Phillips as he rode in, and not a few stopped to gaze at the mighty figure of Peter Francis, guarded by the swords of the dragoons. The scout cast quick looks from side to side, and though he now and then passed men upon the road who were stanch Whigs, and who had often aided him in the hour of danger, not by word, look or sign did he show that he knew them. His life of peril had taught him the necessity of caution, and though some men he passed would have recognized him, he would not notice them in the least, and they passed on. The quarters of the colonel commanding were in a private house on the main street of the village, and the commandant was yet in bed, as the orderly informed Captain Phillips.

"It makes no difference; I must see him. Go up and tell him so," said the captain.

"*Must?*" said the orderly. "The colonel is not used to language of that kind."

"I repeat it. Go up and tell him what I said," replied Phillips.

The orderly disappeared, and was heard in conference with some angry man. Shortly after he came down and told Phillips he was to go to the colonel's room. He found that worthy son of Britain sitting up in his bed, pulling at the string of his night-cap, which refused to untie.

"What the devil does this mean, Phillips?" he said. "I thought you received orders to march half an hour ago."

"So I did, colonel, and I was already on my way when the accident occurred which brings me back to you. We have just brought in that notorious man known as the Virginian Sampson, of whom I spoke last night. He actually had the impudence to come in under a flag. I told him you

would not respect him under it, but as he insisted, I had to bring him here."

"Oh, take him out and hang him. What do you mean by rousing me from sleep upon so trivial a matter as that? Or, stay; now you *have* waked me, let us have him up; I should like to see the fellow."

"He is an impudent dog, colonel."

"I never saw a rebel who was *not*," said the colonel. "Call the guard. Bring him up; I am not going to get out of bed to hang him."

The colonel propped himself up with pillows, his broad red face looking out oddly from under his nightcap. Heavy steps were heard on the stairs, and the guard entered, escorting the Sampson. He carried the white flag across his arm.

"This, Colonel Carter," said Phillips, "is the man known as the Virginian Sampson."

"The boys call me that in joke, colonel," said Peter, in a free and easy manner. "My name is Francis—Peter Francis, and I'm here in the cause of liberty."

"In what?"

"It don't matter. You'd say you didn't understand it if I was to try it over. I've come on an errand from my capt'in. Mout be you are ready to receive it, though I don't take kindly to the way you meet a flag. It ain't fair nor gentlemanly."

"The devil you say! Captain Phillips, you say this man is a spy?"

"Yes, sir; as arrant a spy as ever walked. He has been in the Post within a week."

"'Twas on Monday," said Peter, with undiminished composure. "I often do so."

"He confesses it. Take him outside the town, and hang him to the first tree. He shall not come here, with his impudent, bullying manner, and insult me. Before you go, confess: how many troops has your commander got in the swamp?"

"He had enough to lick Lawrie Campbell out of his boots," replied Peter. "Never see a man run as this capt'in did."

"Silence!" roared the captain.

"Didn't he ask me to confess, say? Ain't I doin' it?

Can a man do more than that? You shet up; I ain't talkin to *you*."

"You have not answered my question," said the Colonel.

"How many? Wal, he has a right smart troop. They didn't have as many guns an' sich like as they wanted, so they *took* 'em from everybody that come along. Them sabers was gay ones, capt'in."

"I believe the scoundrel is playing with us. Would you like to change masters?"

"No," said the giant. "I ain't got but one master, an' that is the good God. I don't want a better. If you mean to ask me if I want to serve King George, I'll knock your head clean off your shoulders."

The colonel bounded off the pillows, white with indignation.

"Take him away, the cursed impudent rebel scoundrel. Take him away, I say. Hang him, as a warning to all insulting villains of his kind."

The guard laid violent hands upon the scout, to drag him away.

"Wait a minute," he said. "I ain't quite sartin, but I rather think he'll change his mind. I don't think he'll want to hang me when I give him the bit of paper that I've got here."

He put his hand in his breast-pocket, and drew out the letter which the major had written. The colonel turned blue, and countermanded the order for the hanging of Peter.

"I *thought* you would," said Peter, with a chuckle. "A queer man is Wild Lawrie. He is a pretty smart man, and it would be a pity to hang him. So, if you will take a fool's advice, you will not hang me."

"These fellows would not dare to sacrifice the major for this fellow. Guard, take him out for a while."

"I don't want a guard," said Peter. "I can get along without. I ain't used to bein' watched in that way. S'pose you let me walk by myself; though it ain't no use to send me out. I know what you'll say to the capt'in when I go out. You'll ask him if my capt'in will be likely to hang Lawrie Campbell if I am hurt. He will answer as I do, that he will hang him on the highest tree in the woods. If I don't come

back safe in three days' time, Lawrie Campbell is as good as dead."

"What did you come here to do?" demanded the colonel.

"To offer to change. You have got a capt'in of ours that we think a good deal of—a Capt'in Seaton. We offer to change him for the major, if you like to do it. Shows that we rate the capt'in high, or we wouldn't give the major for him. What do you say?"

"I must have time to think it over."

"Don't take long fust; and don't hatch no plots. That ain't no use. We are pretty old and know all your little tricks. Don't ask us to send the major to a certain place and you will bring the capt'in. We won't do it. You must trust us. Send the captain with one man to Mr. Chester's plantation in the daytime, and we will bring the major out of the swamp as soon as it is done, and let you have him. That's the only way to do it."

"I would give a hundred guineas from my own pocket if I dared to hang you, villain that you are. We agree to your terms. Captain Phillips is riding in that direction, and will leave Captain Seaton at the plantation," said the colonel.

"No; I'd rather Capt'in Phillips would stay here. He has too many men with him. Let him go alone, with a flag. That is the only way."

"Very well. Do you go with him?"

"Yes. Let me see Capt'in Seaton. He shall give his parole not to attempt to escape from Capt'in Phillips. I want to do the fair thing by you."

"You do? It does not look like it."

"You'd better send about five men up with us, to take keer of three chaps that broke into Mr. Chester's house this morning. I happened along about that time, and they fell down. If you must hang any one, hang them for breaking into the house of a man that's friendly to you."

"I will send. Phillips, take out that number of men. Give me my writing-desk. I will give you an order for the release of Captain Seaton. I'd give you my head sooner. I had set my heart upon hanging the young scoundrel. As for you, my worthy giant, our day of reckoning

will come yet. We are in your power now, but one day you shall rue this hour."

"Shall I? Never mind. Good-day, colonel. I'm sorry to leave you, but business is business; I don't call on you often. If you ever come to see us in the swamp we will do better by you than you have by me. We will offer you something to drink."

"A good hint," said the colonel. "There are liquors on the sideboard; help yourself."

Francis went to the sideboard and poured out a glass of wine, which he drank greedily and then filled again.

"Ridin' and fightin' in such a country as this is dry work," he said; "but talkin' is worse yet. This wine is pretty good, but if you visit us soon we will promise you some better yet. Prime old port—the ra'al Oporto stuff, sure."

The colonel looked incredulous. He was proud of his stock of wines.

"We've got the climate for wines," said the scout; "and this is some that Colonel Balfour stole from the cellar of Coteswort Pinckney, in Charleston."

"Stole!"

"'Sequestrated' is the word they use. But it means the same. By the way, the wine we have was meant for *you*. Balfour was sending it to you as a present, and we took a fancy to the convoy."

"I hope it may choke one of you every time you taste it."

"Benevolent. Now, capt'in, I am ready," said Peter

The two walked away together. They went straight to the building used as a jail, in which Charles Seaton was confined. Not many moments after they emerged with the young rebel in their company. He was a comely young man of about three-and-twenty, bearing about him the marks of a somewhat tedious captivity. His eyes thanked the Sampson for the pains he had taken to set him free. A horse was provided, and, with an escort of four men, they rode out toward the plantation of Mr. Chester, under a flag.

It was about ten o'clock when they rode up the avenue of oaks, and tied their horses. Sending an escort to the barn with the horses, the captain walked up the steps to meet the

owner of the house, who was waiting for them. He was a white-haired man, with rather an obstinate face, but full of the milk of human kindness, notwithstanding. He shook hands heartily with Captain Phillips, and looked hard at his companions.

"Charles Seaton," he said, "I should be glad to take you by the hand; I *will*, *even* for your father's sake. But, you have gone aside from the good cause."

"Not I, uncle mine," said Charles, "shaking the old man's hand. "Come, let us not quarrel. I am just out of prison and have come here to be exchanged."

"That is the reason I see you in the company of that strong rascal, Francis. Come here, you knave. You have lusty arms, and did good service here last night. I thank you for it, and wish with all my heart you always used your strength in as worthy a cause."

"Let me see these men who broke into your house last night," said Phillips. "I am afraid they are mine. Ah, Miss Emily, I give you good-morning. You keep your roses well."

She gave him a cold good-morning, and hastened to thank the Sampson for what he had done the night before.

"That's me," said the scout. "As for what I did, it's fun for me to go for a pizen set of villains like them. Let's go and see 'em. Thar ain't no doubt about it, Capt'in Phillips, I *know* they're your men, 'cause they've got your uniform. I ought to know it by this time; you have chased me enough."

The captain laughed, and the party went down into the room where the three men were confined. They looked crestfallen as they saw Phillips, and were loud in their excuse. They had made a mistake, they said; they took it for the house of a Whig. Phillips cut short their apologies by sending them under guard to the Post. When all were gone but Phillips and the two Whigs, Peter went out and whistled. At the sound two men emerged from the woods, and coming nearer, revealed the figures of Manly and Campbell.

"The job is done," said the scout, as they came near "Here is Charley, all right."

Manly sprung from his horse, and embraced the late captive.

"Welcome back, brother soldier. We needed your arm during these days. Your captivity has not told upon you. By my faith, I think they feed you better than they do us in the swamp. Captain Phillips, good-day; I hope I see you well."

"The last time we met," said Phillips, in a good-natured tone, "you pressed your hospitality upon me, but I could hardly remain to accept it. I am glad to see you, major. You do not look as though you had suffered in the swamp."

"I fared so well that I am half in love with their rude life. It jumps somewhat with my humor. I was born for irregular fighting of this kind, it seems to me."

As he said this he was looking at Emily. She had greeted him somewhat coldly, and given Manly a look which went to his heart. He could not doubt, after that fervent glance from her dark eyes, that she loved him. But, with her father's eyes upon them, they were forced to be content with a look. She felt his last letter against her heart, and with *that* for a safeguard, she was proof against even the insinuating ways of Major Campbell. He bowed low over the hand she gave him, wondering whether he had a rival or not.

"I will try her," he muttered. "I shall find a way before long. If I find it, as I think, woe be to him. I give you good-day, Captain Seaton," he said aloud. "We are both glad to be redeemed from captivity. This tying men of our kind up is more than we can bear."

"Capt'in," said Francis, "let's be off. With all due respect to Major Campbell, it mout be that the cunnel would send some men out to gobble us, as soon as the major is free. We ain't got no time to spare."

"You are right," said the captain. "Seaton, say what you have to say to your uncle, and let us go."

As he passed out of the house at the front, Emily also disappeared. Seaton drew the old man aside; but Major Campbell managed to watch Manly without appearing to do so. There was an opening in the shutter which looked out upon the east veranda, and he saw him, instead of going directly to his horse, turn aside, and leap upon the rail of the veranda

A quick glance at the other window showed him that Emily was there. Lounging carelessly that way, he saw Manly fold her to his breast and kiss her fervently. He turned away without a change in his face, and none of those in the room imagined for a moment the terrible blow he had received in that single glance from the window. He registered a vow in his heart to be revenged upon the wayward girl and upon her lover. He did not go near the window again. He understood the subterfuge made use of to draw Chester out of the way, and leave the coast clear for the interview with Emily. The moment the captain appeared in front of the house, leading a horse for Charles Seaton, and Peter came from the barn with his own beast, Seaton quitted his interview with the old man, and mounted. The major came out with the rest to bid him good-by, and came close to his stirrup, near enough to whisper:

"I understand," he said. "I saw the meeting between you. Look to it. In me you have an enemy to the death."

"Let it be so," replied the captain, in the same tone. "I accept your enmity; we shall meet in battle again."

"Pray God the time come quickly," said the major. "See that I do not rouse you in your swamp retreat before many days."

Peter made a sweeping courtesy to the whole company, and cast a laughing glance at Captain Phillips.

"Tell the cunnel I'm sorry I don't git a chaince to stay with him longer. One can't always hev his way. Good-night, Miss Em'ly; good-night, Mr. Chester. I wish you was a Whig. You'd make a fust-class one."

"Get along, you scoundrel," said Mr. Chester, with a laugh.

The horses swept away, and Emily, from an upper window, strained her eyes to catch a last glimpse of her lover. On the verge of the swamp he turned, and waved his hand in adieu.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN A WOMAN WILLS SHE WILLS.

THE girl came down to the parlor and joined the company. The major, advancing to meet her, led her to the harpsichord.

"Sing me something," he said. "A man lately released from captivity feels better when he can sit in the smile of the woman he loves."

He said this in a low tone, but the others knew it was something of a tender nature. All in the room understood that the major had set his heart on Emily, and Mr. Chester drew Captain Phillips out of the room, under the pretense of showing him a fine horse in his stable. They were left alone in the large room. She had been singing and playing some tender air, not for his sake, but for the sake of the absent one. It was at this moment that the others left the room. He seized her hand and pressed it to his lips. He was in earnest. She saw that in his face, and labored to draw her hand away. But, he would not allow her to do so.

"A moment, Emily; I must say what is in my heart now. It is better than at another time. I love you. The very ground your feet have trod becomes sacred from that hour. I want you to listen to me. I have seen lovely women in my time, but none so beautiful to me."

"Major Campbell—" she began.

"Do not interrupt me now; and do not decide too quickly. Think what it is for a man who has never bowed down to a woman before, to acknowledge himself conquered. I own your sway. I ask you to have mercy upon me. I am in misery until you speak."

"Lawrie," she said, "you know I always liked you, and took your part when I believed men traduced you. I have heard strange tales of you which I will not believe. But, when you tell me you love me, you are wrong. You know I do not and can not love you in that way."

"I do not know it. I know I am not a man to be hated by a woman. If I were idiotic, blind or halt, or any thing of that sort, there could be some excuse. Your father likes me, and urges me to press my suit. I am young, I have attained a good rank in the service, and— for God's sake, Emily, do not throw me over. I have loved you so long and so dearly."

"I wish I could, Lawrie. But, I can not. Shall I tell you? I love Captain Manly. We have been betrothed for two years, only the war has been in the way. We should have been married long ago but for that."

"Your father does not know it?"

"No; he does not even suspect."

"Can you reconcile that with your ideas of right and wrong? I feared this. Well, give me your hand, little one. I have loved you long and fervently; but, if you love another, I must withdraw my suit. But you should tell your father."

"Not now; he is so bitter against the Whigs that I dare not."

"Would he disinherit you if he found you out?"

"I do not know. He might. That would not grieve me so much as to disinherit me from his affections. I love my father dearly, and it grieves me to the heart to be obliged to deceive him. You will not betray me, I hope?"

"I ought. It seems both my duty to myself and your father to do it. And yet, I can not; I have loved you too well. I wish you had told me another tale; I wish you had given me to understand that you could love me in time. I shall go away with a sad heart. Doubtless the man you love will return and take me prisoner. If he should fall in battle—I do not say he will—but if he should fall in battle, would you become my wife?"

"Do not ask me such cruel questions, Lawrie. How can you?"

"You will not answer? So be it, then. You need not unless you choose. I must quit this place; but, keep this in mind, Emily: whatever the time or place when you need me, you have only to call and I will be at hand. Some men have called me cruel; I can be so to my enemies; but, to you I can never be any thing but a lover; for your sake I will brave any danger. I must go."

"I am truly sorry for you, Lawrie," she said. "I hope you believe that."

"I believe it," he answered, in a smothered voice, with his head bent down. "I believe it, fully."

"You may well do so. Then if you must go, good-by, and may you find some worthy woman who can return your love."

It was a strange thing, but while he talked to her he never raised his head or suffered her to see his face. If she could have done so—if she could have seen the wild passion which burned in his eyes, she would have understood him better. But, he went out with averted face, and stood looking in gloomy silence toward the distant woods, in which his enemy had disappeared. His pretended yielding was dissimulation. He was not the man to give up tamely the prize for which he had sought for years. He had watched her developing like a flower, and he could not give her up. He thought with gloomy satisfaction of the promise of Tom Manly to seek him in the next battle. "It shall be one or the other," he muttered. "If I fall, his is the victory and the reward; if he goes down, he will never rise to trouble me again, for I will strike deep as my hate. Phillips!"

The captain came at his call. That worthy, who played second-fiddle to his friend the major, had understood the little plan to get him out of the way, to give Lawrie a chance to speak, and had suffered himself to be led to the stables. Now, when the major called, he came up, saying:

"'At hand, quoth pick-purse'. Are you ready?"

"Yes; let us be off at once. I will give these knaves no rest. They shall find that Lawrie Campbell is still above the ground."

"I am afraid you have sped foully in your wooing," said Phillips. "I am sorry for that."

"You are right; I have had the worst of luck. Her affections are engaged, forsooth. She is in love with this knight-errant of the swamp, the worthy Captain Manly. If I do not give him something by which to remember me, my right hand hath forgot its cunning."

"Good. But where is the sergeant? Do they keep him prisoner?"

"They are more likely to hang him. As ill-fortune would have it, there was a fellow in the swamp whom our worthy sergeant has made angry by the summary process of hanging his father. Waters was the man—an old fellow, who hopped the twig on the upper Edisto. As good luck would have it, the sergeant was alone in that business. Waters finds this out, and insists upon stretching the neck of our friend, the sergeant; and, upon my word, I think they will hang him with his own rope, unless he has the good fortune to escape. I very much fear he has no chance."

"Did you have a strong guard?"

"They posted a guard inside the hut, with orders to shoot us if we moved; another outside the door, and still another at the window. Rather close quarters. For my part, I felt deucedly uncomfortable. I never was in as close a place before. All I hope is that I may have the hanging of the huge knave they call the Sampson. Where are our horses?"

"I told the boy to bring them round," said Phillips; "and here they come. I say amen to that last wish of yours. How it went to my heart to be forced to walk with him about the streets of the garrison, and know that he deserved hanging a thousand times over, and yet not have the power to lay the weight of a finger on him."

"Our time is yet to come," said the major. "It is not far off. Mount; now for the Post. And you, proud girl, who have this day made an enemy of me, look to yourself and to your lover, for, by the life of my body, you shall suffer for this!"

Riding away at a quick pace, they had scarcely left the outer gate, when Mr. Chester came into the room where his daughter still sat, dreamily stirring the strings of a harpsichord. She did not look up as her father entered. Intuitively she felt that the time had come for a struggle with her parent, the thing of all else she most dreaded. He spoke her name, and she answered without raising her head.

"Have you nothing to tell me, Emily?" he said. "Remember that we are alone. Your mother left us long ago, and whatever you have to impart must come to my ears."

"I have nothing to tell you, father, she said "I will

not affect to misunderstand you. There is really nothing whatever."

"I do not understand this. The major gave me to believe that he intended to make a certain proposition to you today. I left you together for that purpose. Did he say nothing to you?"

"Yes, father.'

"What did he ask you? Let there be no restraint between us; speak to me," he said, eagerly.

"He asked me to marry him."

"That is right," said the old man, rubbing his hands and laughing. "That is excellent; you could not do better. One of the best families in the southern district, and one likely to be very powerful when the rebellion is at an end, as it very soon will be. An excellent alliance. You may well be proud of your conquest."

He stopped suddenly, for something in the girl's face warned him that all was not right. He stammered out the question:

"Surely there is nothing wrong here? You can not have had the imprudence to refuse the proposition of Major Campbell."

It fired her pride and spirit to be addressed in that manner, and she answered more sharply than she otherwise would have done:

"However that may be, I refused him."

It has been said that Mr. Chester was a man easily excited. He fairly bounded from his chair as this answer was made, and looked at his daughter as if he thought her a candidate for Bedlam. She returned his stare calmly, but secretly perturbed, and wondering how it would end.

"Are you crazy, Emily?" he demanded.

"I think not, father," she replied.

"Then, being sane, have you the face to tell me that you have refused a man like Lawrence Campbell, a major, a handsome fellow, a man of property, brilliantly educated, in fact the best catch in these parts; for what? Tell me that. Let me know your reason. You can have no good one."

"I do not love him, father."

"Nonsense. In my day, such nonsense was not thought

of. The idea is, is he a good match? can he maintain a wife in proper style? is he a gentleman? There can be but one answer."

"I do not love him," she repeated. "I will never marry a man I do not love."

"You *shall* marry him. You have listened to that young scoundrel, Seaton—no, he is not a scoundrel, but he is a rebel—until your head is turned. I believe you care more for that fellow, Manly, and men of his stamp, than for gentlemen like Lawrence Campbell."

"I am afraid I do. Why do you call Captain Manly a fellow? Is *he* not a gentleman?"

"He used to be. But there are no gentlemen in the swamps. Do you call this blacksmith—this Greene, a gentleman?"

"He is a good soldier, at any rate; he has made even Cornwallis fear him."

"Do not talk to me. He is an adept at running; that is all."

"I thought my Lord Rawdon was running pretty fast when he came through our plantation last. He stopped long enough for a hasty cup of wine, and to tell us that he was hard pressed. As for Cornwallis, he will come back suddenly, too. And Bannister Tarleton suffered some loss in chasing Morgan. Come, father; give our men their due."

"*Our* men—*our* men, you hussy!"

"No hard names, father. Our men. Carolinians, every man; Virginians, Georgians, New Yorkers, New Englanders, and all. Give them their due. They are keeping up a noble fight against the picked soldiers of the world."

"You are trying to get me into an argument to draw my attention from your conduct. I say you shall marry my friend the major. I have set my heart on it; so has he. When shall it be?"

"It shall never be, father."

"Never. What do you mean by that? I say it shall; I say you are to marry him directly, or I will know the reason why."

"I can be as determined as you are. I say I will *not* marry him."

"You are speaking to your father, Emily. Have you forgotten it?"

"I forget nothing. I can not forget that you love me very dearly, but even you have no right to force my affections and compel an alliance distasteful to me."

"Upon my word!"

"No, father. Major Campbell received my decision in good part, and has gone away. We shall be good friends still. Do not try to *drive* me, father. You know the stock from which we sprung."

With these words she left the room, leaving her father staring at the walls, speechless with astonishment that his flesh and blood should rebel.

CHAPTER VIII.

A MAN DON'T DIE UNTIL HIS TIME COMES.

THE three Whigs rode at once to their swamp fastness. Seen by daylight, it was gloomy enough, and only a man who knew the passes well could have threaded them. There were spots which the sunrays could not pierce, and the shadows lay so thick upon the path that it was difficult to proceed. But these men, who had made their home in this jungle since the fortunes of war had forced them to it, knew every foot of the path so well that they could have followed it blindfold, with the greatest ease. Every tree and bush, every inequality of the soil, every slimy pool they could have set down upon a chart of the trail. Peter took the lead and the others followed him with unhesitating confidence.

"He knows the swamp like a book," said Seaton; "as I live, it is like drinking nectar to draw in this air, after the breath of a prison. You have made me in love with this wild life."

"There is a bit of work to do in the shape of a court-martial," said the captain. "We must try that scoundrel Chaffee."

"That ain't no use," said Francis. "His life won't bear lookin' at. Hang him up at once."

"Don't talk in that free and easy way of hanging," said Seaton, shrugging his shoulders. "They thought seriously of stringing me up without trial."

"So they did me," said Peter; "but they thought better of it after a while.

"When you suggested that the neck of Major Campbell was in danger. We are well out of that. Where is your bugle, Peter?"

"I've got one here will answer as well," said Peter, placing his fingers to his lips, and emitting a sharp, clear whistle.

"Marion's call," he said. "I learnt that of the Swamp Fox."

The clear, full sound of the call rung through the dim arches of the swamp, and directly the answer came back from the other side.

"We are rare forest men!" said Manly. "Marion's call is like that of the mountain outlaws. I don't know where he learned it."

It indeed strangely reminded the hearer of the passage in the Lady of the Lake, the signal of Rhoderic Dhu

> "He whistled shrill,
> And he was answered from the hill;
> Wild as the scream of the curlew
> From crag to crag the signal flew."

As if by magic, two men appeared upon the other bank, and pushed the flatboat from the shore. They were Clem Waters and Darby Garraghan. The dark face of Waters lighted up with a gloomy smile as he saw them.

"I was afraid you wouldn't come, captain," he said. "I couldn't wait much longer. Will you try him to-day?"

"This very hour," said Manly. "Push on."

They hurried forward and reached the swamp retreat. All the men were assembled, and greeted them with cheers. All knew Charles Seaton, and were glad to see him safe out of the clutches of the enemy. Giving up their horses to the care of the negro servant, the young officers went directly to the largest of the two huts. Ensign Carter came in. He was a large, broad-shouldered man, from the forks of the

Edisto, and had been away from camp during the late skirmish. Lieutenant Davidge, his friend, came with him."

"Glad to see you, Charley. Safe out of the clutches of the Philistines, eh? They made it rather warm for you, it seems. What are you going to do, cap?"

"To try this sergeant, Chaffee."

"Isn't that rather a waste of timber, cap? It seems to me you might as well hang him at once. It would save a great deal of necessary breath."

"Remember that you will be one of this court-martial, and as such bound to give your candid opinion unbiased by any personal motives, Carter."

"So I will. But, I believe him the most arrant scoundrel who ever escaped hanging, unlawfully. Let us get to work at once. When this is over, I've got some news that will set us on the move. I won't tell it until after the court. Tell Peter to bring in the prisoner."

They took their seats and the Sampson went out. He found the sergeant lying on the earthen floor with his face upon his folded arms, a favorite attitude with him. He started up at the entrance of the Sampson.

"Oh. You have come then. Curse you, how long are we to lie in this way? I wish you would do something quickly.

"We will do something to-day. You are to be tried now. Get up."

"Tried. I won't be tried. It's an imposition, and you want to murder me. You know that Waters would swear my life away if he could."

"One witness can't do it. If Waters can't bring any one to back his statement, you are safe on that count."

"But he can. Any of you will perjure yourselves to hang me. I won't stand it. I won't be butchered. I won't go."

Francis took him by the shoulders and raised him to his feet. "You come along," he said. "None of your nonsense. If you say our boys would swear away the life of any man, unlest they had good proof, you lie. If you want me to carry you, I kin do it. If I was you, I'd rather walk."

"How can I, with these cursed clogs upon my feet?"

"Oh, I can make that all right enough," said the Sampson,

unlocking his fetters and putting them in his pocket. "I ain't afraid of your gittin' away from me. My grip on your collar is tighter than shackles on your feet."

"I won't be dragged," said Chaffee, who had some indistinct notions of an attempt at escape. "I can walk now. Take your hand off me."

Francis loosed his hold and drew a pistol. "*Walk*, then. Go in front. But, if you try to jump you will be a dead man. Deader'n *hay*. Now strut!"

Chaffee walked sullenly in front, covered by the pistol of the giant, and conscious that the eyes of the partisans were upon him in any thing but a pleasant manner. Not one among them but had heard of him and his deeds, and low threats sounded on every side as he passed. The impression that he would be convicted and hung was what saved him from destruction at their hands. He entered the hut, and the door was closed. The court consisted of Charles Seaton as Judge Advocate, Manly, Davidge, and Carter. About ten others were grouped together at the door of the next room. Looking about on the group, the unfortunate man could not see a single friendly face. All were set and stern.

"Edward Chaffee," said Seaton, "stand forward. Do you object to any of the members of this court? Do you take exception to any?"

"I do," said Chaffee. "I object to all. They have no right to try me. I refuse to be tried by them."

"That is useless. You must be tried here. It is your privilege to object to any of the members of this court. Shall you do so?"

"No. If I am to be murdered, it is as well to be murdered by you as any one else. It don't matter."

"You are acting foolishly," said the Judge Advocate. "No one here would for a moment think of condemning you without due proof. Witnesses shall be brought, and if you can find any rebutting evidence to their statements, you are at liberty to introduce it. You are accused of the murder of Hiram Waters, on the upper Edisto; and the prosecuting attorney reserves the right to bring other charges against you if he sees proper. What do you plead to the charge. Guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty."

"Record the plea," said Seaton, turning to the young man who acted as secretary. "And now proceed to call the witnesses."

"Clement Waters," said Manly.

Clem Waters came quickly to the front, and gave his testimony. He had been home on a visit to his father, who lived near the forks of the Edisto. While there, the Tories in some way ascertained his whereabouts, and came to find him. He had in his company David Sinclair, who was yet in the company. They were in the house when the men rode up. The prisoner was at their head. They were ten in number. The witness had gone into an old well to hide, which was covered by stones and brush. From this hole he had a full view of the proceedings. The Tories beat the two old people in the most merciless manner, and failing to make them tell any thing of the hidden men, they proceeded to hang Mr. Waters. And they did so. Mrs. Waters was so badly injured that she died in the course of the week. The witness testified that the prisoner not only gave the orders, but put the rope about the neck of the murdered man with his own hands. And that he struck Mrs. Waters, and kicked her with his heavy boots. This witness further testified that his father was in his eighty-ninth year, and his mother in her eighty-seventh. This witness added irrelevant remarks to the effect that he would cut the black heart out of the prisoner if he were not convicted. He was removed, and David Sinclair called.

He testified to the same with the previous witness. He saw the prisoner take the rope from his saddle, make a noose in it, and pass it over the neck of the said Hiram Waters. They then hung him to a beam in front of the door.

Several more witnesses were called, who testified to various atrocious acts of the prisoner, and that he always carried a coil of rope at his saddle-bow to hang Whigs.

"Have you any witnesses to call in your favor?" asked Seaton.

"You know I have not."

"Here are more than a dozen men from the company in

which you have ridden a long time. Will you have their testimony to your good character?"

"No."

"Can they say no good of you?"

"They won't. No. I shall call no witnesses. If you refuse to do me justice, hang me. I suppose I can die as well as any other loyal man."

"Let the prisoner be removed," said Seaton. He was taken out and kept in the hut for half an hour. Then he came back, and Seaton rose.

"Prisoner," he said, "you have been found guilty of every count in the indictment against you. What have you to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon you, according to law."

"I say it is murder. I say you have no right to try me, and that I am dying protesting against such villainy. I won't bear it. I can't bear it. Somebody say something; somebody do something to save me. I can't die. I ain't fit to die. I've been a bad man. I've done some wicked things in my life, but none worthy of death."

"The sentence of this court is, that you be taken from this place to your former prison. An hour after you will be hung by the neck until you are dead, and may the Lord have mercy on your sinful soul."

They took him out, blaspheming heaven and earth because they would not listen to his mad appeal. The hour he passed in his prison-hut was the most terrible one of his whole life. A dark page rose before him. A life foul with crime. One hour! A lifetime seemed too short for him to prepare in. It passed, and they came in for him to lead him out to die. He fought like a madman, and the guard had to drag him by main force beneath the fatal tree. He refused to pray. He only begged for his life, and cursed them because they would not listen.

"Pray, man, pray," said Seaton. "Think of your past life."

"Don't hang me. Give me time to think of it. I am not ready to die. Save me, some of you."

"Let it be done quickly," said Manly. "It is of no use to dally. He deserves his fate."

They passed the rope about his neck and led him beneath the fatal limb. His pleadings ceased at last, and they were about to run him up, when he asked for time for prayer. Manly would not refuse to grant a boon like that, so he ordered the men to stand off a few paces, and give the wretch the required respite. He kneeled at the foot of the tree, with his head bowed, and the rope still about his neck. Peter Francis looked on in some doubt, for he did not think Chaffee likely to die with a prayer upon his lip. He was right. Chaffee had been working to gain time.

As they looked, he suddenly leaped to his feet, threw off the rope, and plunged into the swamp. The bushes closed behind his flying form. He had been at work while kneeling on the sod, trying to slip off the cords upon his wrists, and had succeeded. Scarcely had the dense bushes closed behind him, when they opened again, to admit the body of Clem Waters, who bounded eagerly forward in pursuit. He was closely followed by Francis, and half the men on the island. They knew that if the swamp sucker made his way out of the swamp from this point, he would know the way back, and that their retreat would be no longer a secret place.

Chaffee bounded along, the light of his new-found liberty in his eye, making all the wily turns and lightning-like bounds of which an Indian would make use in trying to break a trail. But, the men who followed him were his equals in forest-craft, and though he might delay them, he could not entirely deceive them. He had seen Waters start out in pursuit, and knew what an inveterate foe he had upon the trail. If he was overtaken, it must be a fight. And what could he do, without arms, against the strength of Clem Waters, doubly armed to avenge his father's murderer?

"If he ketches me, I'm a dead bird in the pit," his thoughts ran. "I'd rather fight Pete Francis now, than him. I was mighty hard on his old father. 'Twas drefful foolish in me. The old man never done no harm. No, not a bit. Dang it, I wish I hadn't teched him."

Still he continued his flight, but the sound of feet came ominously to his ears, and looking over his shoulder, he saw that Clem Waters was not twenty yards away, rushing at him

like an arrow. He could see the face of the pursuing man; it was not the face of one likely to show mercy. The sergeant was foredoomed.

He was now approaching the creek, which was too deep to ford. The bushes grew thick upon the other bank. Chaffee plunged in boldly, and swam to the other side. Waters followed without hesitation, holding his knife in his teeth. His eye gleamed with the desire for vengeance. He forgot his usual caution, and when he reached the other bank, he clambered incautiously up, not waiting to see whether or not his enemy had continued his flight. He raised his head to look over the bushes. At that moment Chaffee rose, a bludgeon in his hand, and struck him down. It was a terrible blow. Waters fell like a slain ox, bleeding from mouth, nose, and ears. Chaffee stooped, and with quick hands robbed him of every thing of value, took the knife as a weapon, and continued his flight. Either the other men had not followed as closely as Clem Waters, or else Clem had confused the trail by following so close behind, for the pursuers were not near him now.

Late that afternoon, worn out, "tattered and torn," the Tory reached the Chester plantation and begged for a night's lodging, which was readily granted.

CHAPTER IX.

SAMPSON AGONISTES IN VINCULUM.

THE Whigs returned from their unsuccessful hunt one by one. At night, all were in except Clem Waters. He did not return. Matters looked dubious now. The sergeant would be sure to betray their retreat to his friends, and they might look for them soon in the swamp.

"'All this comes," said Francis, "of letting' Ned Chaffee flop down on his knees and pertend to *pray*. Now I ain't sot ag'in' prayin'. I pray myself when thar's necessity for it. But them kind don't pray for no good. When I see'd him

on his knees, I know'd it wa'n't no good. I couldn't say nothin'."

"It is past praying for," said Manly. "Nothing remains but to set the scouts at work. You will go out, for one, taking Darby with you. He has the scout in him, and you can give him his first lessons."

"Come this way," continued the partisan, taking him aside. "Take this letter to Emily. Convey it to her without letting any one else see it. I think the net is closing about us rapidly, and that her Tory father must soon know that his daughter loves a man of the people. I should say the sooner the better, but that it might make her uncomfortable."

"She's a jewel, capt'in," said Francis. "I'm a rough critter, but I know a diamond when I see it, and Miss Em'ly is all that. I'll give her the letter, don't you fear."

"I can trust you. I think you had better go at once."

"I will. But, I'm thinkin' you better set some of the boys on Clem Waters' trail, in the mornin'. I'm jubous he found foul play. Send out Randall and Carrier, with two or three more, an' let them foller the trail until it comes to an eend. I'm jubous they'll find his body at the eend. I don't know for sure. Darby, come along."

Directly after, the two men were on their way out of the swamp. Depending upon the guidance of the scout more than upon himself, Darby got on famously, and beguiled the hours with merry tales, which no man knew better than himself how to tell. Peter was enough of an Irishman himself, having been brought up there, to love these Irish stories; the toilsome path was made short by them, and Francis was astonished when a sudden opening in the trees showed that they were near the clearing. It was still early in the evening, and the lights were blazing in the windows of the house. As Peter was debating in his mind what course he should take to get Emily out of the house, a negro came by, from the direction of the Post, where he had been sent upon some errand. Peter sprung upon him and dragged him to the ground, holding his broad hand over the negro's mouth.

"Be quiet, you sooty son of thunder," said he. "Offer to move, you nightmare, and I will make a mouth in your throat."

"Enty I keep still, massa?" pleaded the negro. "I keep *awful* still! I nebber say a singly word, I won't."

"I want to know who are at the house?"

"I dunno, massa. Fore my bressed massa, I dunno. I's been to Camden all day, and I dunno."

"Will you do an errand for me?" asked the scout.

"S'pose I can," said the negro.

"Then go to your young mistress, Miss Emily, and tell her that Peter Francis is in the woods and will meet her at the three oaks whenever she cares to come, atween this and mornin'. Be sure you give this message to no one but Miss Emily."

"I be dreffful sure, massa. Don' you be 'fraid of me. I's a Whig."

"Is that a naygur?" demanded Darby; "sure an' it's a black baste he is. It's me that hates a naygur like dith."

"Nigger you'self, Mister Irisher," grumbled the darky. "What fo' you call poah fellow names? T'ink you smart, eh?"

"I'd bate the head av ye for a pinny," said Darby. "Shut up, ye black baste."

"He wouldn't mind how much you gave it to him in the head, so long as you did not meddle with his *shins*. Get up, snowball. Be sure you give my message to your young mistress."

Full of importance from being trusted with a message to his mistress, the negro set out for the house. Arriving, he went to the kitchen, and inquired for Emily. He was informed that she was in the parlor. He went up, and thrust his black head. Emily was seated at the harpsichord. The darky whispered her name with a ludicrous air of secrecy, but so loudly that Sergeant Chaffee, who was in a room off the parlor, heard what he said.

"Miss Em'ly."

"Is that you, Pompey?" she answered.

"Yes, Miss Em'ly. Got secret to tell you. Heard him just now."

"What is it? You may come in."

"Man ketch me out here, an' he say you muss come to three oaks soon as you can. He name Peter Francis."

"Are you sure?"

"Iss, Miss Em'ly. Berry suah."

"Thank you, Pomp. You shall have a new coat at Christmas for that. You may go now. See that you do not speak of this to any one else."

"No, Miss Em'ly. Nebber say a wu'nd. Enty you know Pomp?"

The moment he was gone Emily slipped on a hat, and walked out of the front door. Her father was not yet home from a visit to a neighbor, some two miles away, but was expected every moment. She walked quickly, and soon reached the place appointed, where the scout was pacing up and down, waiting her coming. He advanced to meet her, and they shook hands heartily, for she had a genuine admiration for his bravery, and confidence in him as an efficient aid to her lover.

"I am glad you have come," she said. "The danger we dread is coming near Tom, I am afraid. Did you not tell me you had taken this man you call Sergeant Chaffee."

"Yes; what of that?"

"He is in the house."

"You don't say? Darby, let's go in an' take him. It would be fun to lug him back to camp, and string him up after all."

"Did he escape?"

"Yes, Miss Em'ly," said the scout. He related the manner of the escape, and wound up by the wish to enter the house and make Chaffee a prisoner.

"I am afraid it can not be done," she said. "Although I do not like to have the ruffian at large, it is very difficult to take him now."

"He has no arms?"

"Nothing except a knife."

"Then we kin do it. We kin do it like a book. Don't you go to say we can't, fer I know better. We kin wait until it is late enough, and then we will steal into the house, you leavin' the front door open, in course, an' nab him jest as *easy* Why it ain't nothin', that ain't. But I'll talk about that pooty soon. Here is a letter from Captain Tom. Take good keep of it, an' be sure not to lose it before you read it."

"I am afraid you are a wit, Peter. You know I would not lose it for all the world."

"That so? Now let me ask you some questions. They are some Capt'in Tom wanted me to ask, acause he couldn't come hisself. In the fust place, has Will Lawrie been back again?"

"No. He left soon after you did yesterday."

"Then he is gathering for a drive at us. If we kin take the thief of a sergeant, Lawrie won't know the way. If we don't we've got to desert our holes mighty sudden or he will bring a troop we can't stand up ag'in'. Did you have any words with him?"

"Yes," said Emily, hesitating.

"You did! Refuse him any thing?—to marry him, for instance?"

"Yes, Peter."

"How did he take it?"

"He was sorry, but not angry."

"Not angry? Then there *is* trouble ahead! Not angry? I'd resk my individual existence he was literally bilin' over with wrath. As mad as a hornet, he was! And he didn't show it? That looks bad, that does! We must watch for him."

"You are uncharitable," said Emily.

"Wal, *pre*haps I be. I don't mean to be. I ain't got no faith in Wild Lawrie Campbell. *Pre*haps it's because I know him too well. I won't say a word ag'in' him, though if my opinion was asked I sh'u'd say he was the meanest little villain that ever went unhung. That's my opinion of him."

"I think you are wrong."

"Mebbe I be," said the scout, doggedly. "But I don't think it. I tell you it's true."

"It can not be," replied Emily.

"Don't say no more about it. You've got your letter from Tom Manly; don't go to standin' up for his worst enemy. I tell you that Lawrie Campbell would laugh if he saw Tom lying dead on a battle-field. You don't believe it now, but you will believe it."

"I hope not. Now about this Chaffee. I think you would do well to take him, if you can. Wait until about twelve

o'clock. When that hour comes, I will show a light for a single moment in the front chamber window above stairs. You may come on then as fast as you can, and I will guide you to the door. Good-night for the present."

She hurried away toward the house, while the two scouts flung themselves down upon the greensward, and waited until the time came. They had three hours yet, and as usual, Darby beguiled them with merry tales of the Green Isle. The time passed, and they saw the taper flash in the window like a star, and disappear. They rose and walked quickly to the house. Near the door both men paused, and drew off their heavy shoes, lest they should make a noise. They found the front door ajar, and pushing it carefully open, the scout entered, followed by Darby. He had given the Irishman his instructions before entering. He was to stand back until the captive had been secured and then assist in carrying him out. As they paused irresolutely a moment, a soft hand was laid upon the scout, and led him gently forward. They passed into the parlor and reached the door of Chaffee's room, upon which Emily laid the hand of the Sampson, signifying to him that his work was before him. Then she disappeared as silently as she had come, and left them alone. The door yielded to the touch of the scout's hand and he stepped lightly into the room. It was a clear night, and though objects appeared slightly indistinct, he could make out the outline of everything in the apartment with great ease. He saw the bed with a figure in it silent in sleep. The cool hardihood of this man was apparent in his manner of procedure. He drew a chair close to the bed, and sat down, yawning as if fatigued. Then he rose and bending over the sleeper, found that he was lying with his head under the bedclothes. It was impossible to tell where his mouth was situated.

"The old boy is tired," thought Peter. "He has had a hard run to-day. I may as well end it."

Laying his hand upon the bedclothes, he jerked them suddenly from the recumbent form; while with the other hand he made a dash at the throat of the sleeper. Why did his hand suddenly stop, and his face assume an expression of ludicrous dismay? Simply because the bed was empty. The bird had

"Loo'ed!" said he, turning to the Irishman. "Drat him, he's gone. Let's get out of this as quick as we can."

"That we must," said the Irishman. "Come away."

They threw open the door, and walked into the next room. Hardly had they set foot upon the carpeted floor when a blaze of light seemed to shine all about them. Candles and lamps were lighted in every part of the room, and they were surrounded by several men, in the uniform of the British dragoon service, heavily armed. One even stood in the door of the room in which the sergeant had slept. This last was the worthy sergeant himself.

"Welcome, friend Peter," said he, laughing. "I am glad to meet you so soon. Upon the occasion of our last meeting, I was forced to depart in haste, and I didn't hev time to pass the compliments of the season with you. I really didn't expect to see you so soon."

Francis said not a word, but glanced quickly about him, calculating the chances of a dash. He saw that every door had been closed, and a guard stationed before it. The same might have been said of the windows. The Sampson was in a dilemma, not for the first time in his life.

"By mighty, this looks queer," he said. "What shall we do, Darby; fight?"

"Jest as ye say," said Darby; "I'm agreeable til any thing."

"I reckon we'd better surrender; thar ain't no chaince."

"Yes," said Mr. Chester, coming forward. "I know you are strong enough to make a bloody fight here, but in the end you must be conquered. Yield with a good grace, and trust to the clemency of our commanders."

"I know what that is," said the Sampson; "a long rope and a swinging bough. But, what care I, except that the cause will lose a strong arm? Darby, give up your weepons, man; I'll sartify that you was forced to jine us."

"*I* won't," said Darby. "If they hang you, sure they may hang me alongside."

The prisoners were secured, and placed under guard. Mr. Chester then took the arm of the sergeant, and they stepped into another room.

A few words will explain how it was that the Sampson had

been entrapped so easily. His messenger, the negro, had been overheard in giving his message to the young lady, by the sergeant, who had obeyed his instincts in listening at the door, and had followed her. Going out in pursuit, he had met Mr. Chester, and had told him to come with him, if he would be satisfied that his daughter was no true friend of England. He had been lying in wait near them, and had heard every word of their conversation by the three oaks. Retreating before she came away, they had made up their plan. Mr. Chester brought out the swiftest horse in his stable, and the sergeant rode away at full speed to the Post, and came back with seven dragoons. The distance being only four miles, it was easy for them to return before the signal was given from Emily's window. They were in the parlor when the two scouts entered. The image in the bed was artfully made up of pillows, and calculated to deceive in the uncertain light of the room. In this way they were trapped.

"Now that the work is done," said Mr. Chester, "I can hardly forgive myself. This man did me a great service only a few days ago."

"Nonsense; I kin forgive myself easily; I couldn't if he had been let go free. I kin pay him now. He was goin' to hang me, was he? We'll see whether he likes hanging himself. I doubt he won't, blame him."

"You are vindictive. You do not mean to tell me they will hang this brave fellow?" said Mr. Chester, in some alarm.

"*Just* that; why not? The fellow is a spy; he give us more trouble than half the others together; he deserves hanging."

"Such severity will not do; you will alienate good friends. Neither do I believe that my friend the commandant at Camden will be guilty of so palpable an injustice. Let us speak of something else. You saw my daughter take a letter from the hand of this scout. Did you understand who it came from?"

"Yes; from Captain Manly."

"Perdition! Remain here, sergeant; I will go and see this wayward daughter of mine, and learn if I can not bring her to a sense of the impropriety of her conduct. Remember

that my house is at your disposal, sergeant. Order any thing you may deem necessary for the comfort of yourself or your men, and my servants will provide it, if it is to be found in the house."

He went out into the hall, and met Emily on the stairs, coming down. He seized her hand and half dragged her into a room on the second floor. She returned his look with one perfectly fearless.

"What is the meaning of this, father? Why is the house full of soldiers?"

"I might answer that question by asking another," said the old gentleman. "What do you mean by bringing this disgrace upon your father's house? What woman of our blood ever made a night appointment with two rebel villains at the dead of night?"

"Be careful what you say, father. Knowing the blood as you do, you ought also to know that it is not to be insulted even by a father. Were you a witness of that interview?"

"I was."

"I might retort that you might have been better employed," said Emily, who was thoroughly exasperated at the turn affairs had taken.

"Girl! are you mad? This comes of allowing you to hold communion with rebels. Where is the letter you received to-night?"

"It is here."

"I wish to see it."

She took it out of her bosom and gave it to him, and he read it, pausing now and then to make angry comments. The letter was a very lover-like one, and the girl though frightened at the effect it might have on her father determined to brave it out.

"How long has this been going on, Emily?" he demanded, in a hard, dry tone, giving her back the letter.

"About two years," she answered.

"Why have I not been informed?"

"Because you are so set against the Whigs. You know you hate them without a cause. I am to blame for not telling you; I own my mistake. Tom would have had me tell you at the beginning."

"The most benevolent wish I have for Tom is, that he may break his neck in the next engagement."

"Father!"

"He is no gentleman, or he would not have attempted to steal the affections of my child. Let it pass; I am more than ever determined that you shall marry Major Campbell. I will not be thwarted in this. Beware how you cross me!"

"You heard me say I never would marry the major. I like him very well, but he has withdrawn his claim, and will not press me if I ask him to forbear."

"You think so? We will see about that. Major Campbell will return when I tell him there is no bar in the way of his suit."

"You can not tell him that."

"I will tell him that."

"Then I shall be forced to intimate to him that you have been misinformed."

"And if this young rebel shows his head here again, I will have him taken, and use my influence with the commander-in-chief to have him hung, if it is possible," retorted Mr. Chester.

"If I did not know my father better, I should be angry with you," said Emily, with exasperating coolness. "The battle is commenced, the skirmishers at work. We shall see who gets the best of the conflict."

CHAPTER X.

HA! HA!

THE prisoners were jovial. As they sat together in the room in which they were put, nothing could subdue the native courage of either. They jested with the guards, and made fun of their dress, their weapons, their talk and their manners. Darby, in particular, burlesqued the attitudes and manners of the English dragoons in the most provoking way. They, in return, insinuated that both of the prisoners would

grace a gallows admirably, and that they were tolerably certain to come to that somewhat disgraceful end. To this light and cheerful raillery they responded by wishes that the dragoons might soon see the island of their birth, never to return to this. When morning came they were allowed some liberties, but kept apart. The sergeant was in the house, making active preparations for their departure, and Peter was standing on the front veranda, when Emily came to him.

"My father knows all," she said, "and has read Tom's last letter. I am sorry you have been taken; is there no way of escape?"

"Thar's always a many ways," said the stalwart man. "If I had a weepon, I don't think I'd be afeard of them. I'd fight my way out."

"Don't you see where the dragoons have piled their arms?" she said. "Why not get a weapon there?"

"I don't like to try that yit. You jest keep dark an' let me work. If they didn't think they had me safe, they'd never let me loose in this yard. No, by jinks! Don't talk any more."

"Say to Tom only this: 'Faithful unto death!' Will you remember?"

"You bet on that. The sergeant is up-stairs, ain't he?"

"Yes; he is talking with my father."

"May they have a long talk. It's keen-witted chaps like the sergeant I'm afeard on, not these beef-witted an' mullet-headed English dragoons. You see whether that's so or not. They hain't got an idee in their heads. Pass along the hall, an' tell Darby when he hears me whistle to jump through the window an' jine me. We kin give an account of these beeties, I reckon."

She left him, and walked quickly down the hall to a place where Darby was seated, chaffing the guard who had him in charge, who, being slow of comprehension, was by no means a match for the keen Irishman, who scarified and lashed him in every sentence. She paused a moment at a flower-stand to enjoy the conversation, which pleased her immensely.

"An' how much do they give you, darlint?" said the Irishman, with a bland smile. "Sure a man that goes about

to do the work they give ye to do ought to have good pay. What do they give you a day?"

"Thirteen pence," said the soldier, rather gruffly.

"It's a good deal ov money, that," said Darby. "Ah-h-h! Ye may well say it. Thirteen pince! Twenty-six half-pince. That's sivin an' sivin pince a wake. Arrah, it's a hape. Fifty-six fardens, arrah."

"King George is a good paymaster," said the dragoon, who did not detect the hidden meaning of his prisoner.

"Ye may say that. It's no throuble for him to pay, since he have both hands in a big pot of money always, an' it's mighty aisy for him to bring out phat he wants. Now we poor devils in the swamp don't get ary cint. Not the divil a wan but Continentals, an' it's little good thim are. But, look at ye, goin' about wid bot' pockets full of money. Who so proud as ye? Sure an' it's an Englishman's blessing to be handsome always. It's a wonder to me they have any private soldiers at all at all, whin the private sojers are full as handsome as the officers! The Lord forgive me av that ain't gospil trut', no less. Sure an' it's a sin an' a disgrace that so many av the officers are far below the privates in point av good looks. Now see til this: Ye ought to be a Gineral av they did ye justice. An' sure all they ask av ye is to swing a saber and shoot pistils. That's no fair."

"You 'ave a very good idea of these things, if you 'aven't, blame me," said the private. "You're right. They don't do us justice."

"Av coorse they don't! No more they won't. Ye may go on for twenty-wan years, an' whin ye get through yer time, maybe it's a *corporal* ye'll be, or a sargint at bist. That's as good as they'll do for ye. Sure there's Miss Emily wishing to spake to me. Have ye any thing again it?"

"No, speak to her if you like," said the dragoon, lifting his head stiffly in his high stock. "I see nothing against it."

Darby approached the young lady, who gave him the instructions which she had received from the Sampson, in a low voice. He heard her with attention, and she returned to the upper part of the house and took her station at the window,

so that she could see the struggle which she felt certain was about to take place. The Sampson had strolled down into the yard and was walking about. A dragoon was attracted by the large silver buckles which he wore upon his shoes and approached him.

"You make mighty free, my Yankee friend," said he. "Give up your money."

"That ain't easy did," said Peter, "seein' I ain't got no money."

"Then give me your shoe-buckles," said the dragoon, insolently. "They are of no use to you as you will be hung to-morrow."

"Whether I am hung or not," said the Sampson, "remains to be proved. Be it as it may, I will not *give* up these buckles. You have the power, and may take them from me, but I will not give them of my own free will. They were the gift of a friend."

Mr. Chester and the sergeant had come down at this moment and were walking toward them. The dragoon, seeing that the Whig did not make any resistance, thrust his saber under his arm, and stooped to tear off the buckles. Now was the time for the scout. Seizing the saber by the handle, he drew it suddenly out, and dealt the owner a severe blow upon the back of the head, which laid him senseless at his feet. Then, raising his hand to his mouth, he uttered the sharp whistle which Marion had taught his men, as the signal to be alert. The Irishman no sooner heard it, than he flung himself bodily on the guard, dashed him to the floor, seized his arms, and rushed to the aid of his comrade.

Peter had not been idle. Uttering a loud oath, Sergeant Chaffee mounted his horse, which stood near at hand, and rode at the scout, who met him boldly, whirling over his head the saber which he had snatched from the fallen dragoon. Bestriding the prostrate enemy, he made a fierce cut at the coming enemy, which he received upon his carbine. Vain was the interposition of that weapon against the force of that stalwart arm. Chaffee went down, stunned and senseless, and the scout vaulted into the saddle, just as Darby appeared at the door, and made a dash at another mounted dragoon. The man fled in dismay, but passing the scout,

Peter made a rush at him, dragged him out of the saddle, seizing the horse which attempted to escape, with the other hand. The two Whigs were now mounted and armed, but the enemy who were in a state to fight were still some five in number. That was nothing to the two brave men. The dragoons could not get to their horses, for Peter was between them and the animals. Their only way was to group together and meet the attack on foot. The Sampson turned in his saddle, and waving his sword to an imaginary army, shouted at the top of his stentorian voice:

"Come on, boys! We've got 'em! Hew 'em down. Cut the red-coats to pieces."

This was too much for the courage of the British. They fled in hot haste, leaving the scout and his companion masters of the field. Darby was for following, but the stern command of the scout recalled him and he came back sullenly enough.

"Sure the red divils gev us sass enough. Phat will we do with these?"

"We kain't do any thing. We'll take the hosses. That's all we kin git away with. I wish we had time to hang Chaffee. Mr. Chester, come here."

The old gentlemen, who had retreated to the house upon the coming of the scout, now came out at his call.

"You set these chaps on me," said Peter. "I don't call that friendly."

"You are an agent between my daughter and that cursed partisan," said the old man. "I would have had you punished."

"I don't believe you are half so much of a Tory as you let on," said the Sampson. "Ef I did, you'd get your gruel. But, yer darter saves you. Thar's not a man in Tom Manly's troop that wouldn't put his life in danger for her sake, acause they know the capt'in loves her. An' let me tell you, mister, that you can't pick a man in the British troops that dare meet him with saber an' pistol. *That's* the kind of a son-in-law for you!—a man that don't fear any thing—a man that will stand by you in danger's hour! Don't say nothin' ag'in' the capt'in, for I won't stand it."

"You may tell him from me," said Chester, "that he need

not trouble himself to see my daughter again. She is to be the wife of Major Campbell."

"Don't you believe it, mister! She's got too much grit She wouldn't stand no sech nonsense. She promised Capt'in Tom to be faithful to him, an' she's the gal to keep her word, I believe. You kain't git Capt'in Tom to believe any sech yarn, but I'll tell him what you say."

"I should be much obliged to you if you would now rid my plantation of your presence. It is distasteful to me."

"Oh, I'm goin'," said the scout. "I've got enough of your place. I thought one time I'd got to pass in my checks. Now, Darby, if you have got every thing you want, come along."

They had started from the plantation, when a cloud of dust toward the south attracted their attention. "Cut the horses loose and heel it, Darby," roared the scout. "Here comes Wild Lawrie and his troop, I'll bet. Anyhow I don't think we'll wait to see."

Darby slashed the rope which confined the horses and they ran in every direction. The next moment the swamp hid them from view. Taking a little different course from the one usually pursued, they struck out for camp. A quarter of an hour after Campbell rode up to the plantation at the head of a force numbering some two hundred well mounted and appointed men. His rage upon hearing of the capture and escape of the Sampson passes description, but he saw that it was useless to make trouble, so he ordered his men to bivouac outside the plantation, and rode in to see how matters stood at the house.

"I am glad to see you, major," said Mr. Chester, eagerly. "There has been the devil to pay here. It seems to me the men you have about you are the most arrant cowards I ever saw. They ran like deer from the two rascals whom they had captured, after Chaffee went down."

"I own that they are as pure-bred cowards as ever turned their backs to an enemy," said the major. "But, what could I do? I thought eight men ought to be enough to keep two Whigs safe. If I had thought Chaffee would have been so imprudent as to suffer the fellows to escape, I would have given him orders to bring them into camp last night. The

lives of both are forfeit according to the rules, one being a deserter, and the other a spy. May I not have the pleasure of seeing your daughter this morning?"

"That is the chief reason why I am glad you have called in. I find to my great grief that my daughter has been in correspondence with this rebel, Manly, and that the giant, Francis, has carried messages back and forth for two years."

"You tell me no news," said the major. "I knew it before."

"She shall marry you for all that. I will do any thing rather than let her marry a rebel."

"Thank you. I am glad to know I have you for a friend. Understand me when I say that I love Emily so dearly that I will dare any thing in order to make her my wife. I have had this object in view for these years, and have treated her always as the woman whom I must marry. But, in some way her affections have been led away from me to this Manly. A black curse light upon him, and blight him, blood and bones."

"Have you ever met him in battle?"

"Once, and then he had the best of it. Trust me, it will not be so the second time we meet. Woe to him when our swords cross again. I hate him with a deadly hate. My revenge must come in time, and I will teach him what it is to cross the path of Lawrie Campbell."

"I hope you may, my boy. Will you see Emily now? And trust me when I say that your previous policy will not do. You must make her understand that she must marry you."

"I will see her. Send her to me in the parlor. I have an hour which I can well afford to spend in love-making."

The old man went out, and shortly after Emily came into the parlor, laughing heartily.

"Oh, Lawrie, Lawrie!" she cried. "What a set of cowardly ragamuffins you have about you, to dignify by the name of soldiers! Eight of them to two! And the two beat them so easily that it was scarcely a pleasure to look on, it was done so quickly!"

"You take pleasure in any reverse to the arms of his majesty."

"It is dreadfully disloyal to say so, cousin mine, but I do."

"You should not say so, when I am on the loyal side," he said.

"And why not? I hope to shame you so that you will join yourself with the side of truth and justice," she answered. "I can not understand how a young man, born and bred on our soil, could so far forget his sectional pride, his pride in the glory of his own State, as to turn his arms against the breast of that State. All the true blood of the State is on the weaker side, and yours should be the same."

"Who taught you so much treason?"

"I would prefer not to tell."

"And I wish to know."

"Charley Seaton had something to do with it, but Tom Manly had a great deal more."

He set his teeth fiercely. "Do you love this Whig?"

"Certainly. I am to be his wife."

"I say *no* to that."

"I say yes. See which will be right in the end. Do you think I would consent to marry a man who fights against the soil I love? I am a Carolinian. I love the State. I have given my jewels to uphold the cause. I would give my life if called upon."

"You are brave now. We shall see. If you would save your lover's life, give him up."

"How do you mean?"

"If you do not, I will appoint a special corps, to pick him off in the next battle."

"Coward! You dare not meet him face to face."

"I have no wish to do it. I have only to say to some twenty of my men, who can pick the ace of hearts out of card at forty paces, with a rifle—'Keep your eyes upon the rebel captain, and bring him down at all hazards. Direct your attention to no one else until you see him go down. The result you know."

"Wretch!"

"Call me pet names if you like. I really care very little about it. This shall be as I say. I give you until to-morrow to decide, as I am waiting for the movements of another

body of troops under Captain Phillips, before I move on myself. As for Captain Manly, his band are doomed."

With these words he left her and went to the room of Mr. Chester. This room was on the same floor with Emily's. The old gentleman was alone, and drew the young loyalist in.

"I see by your face that she is obdurate. I feared this. 'There is nothing for it but to go on, and capture this foolish young man and his troop. Once in our hands, my Lord Cornwallis will make such a disposition of him that he will trouble us no more.' What is your plan?"

"You are sure no one is in your daughter's room?"

Mr. Chester stepped to the door of communication between the two rooms and looked in. The room was quite empty. He closed the door again, and took a seat close to that of the major.

"I have found a man who knows a passage to the island retreat of Captain Manly, from the south. I have sent Captain Phillips, with a hundred men, to enter the swamp from that direction. It will take all day for him to get within striking distance of the enemy. I shall enter the swamp tomorrow morning, on this side, and we will close in upon the island."

"Good. How many troops can Manly muster?"

"I should say he must have a hundred. The farmers about here are joining him rapidly, and it is judged of the highest importance that the band should be broken up. Sumter has been heard of in this direction, too, and it is hoped that, having this job off our hands, we can unite our forces and give him a drubbing."

"Do you know where he is?"

"About six miles north of this, moving south with five hundred men. I would like to have a drive at him. I believe his forces are overrated. Say nothing to any one of our plans. If Sumter got news of our intended raid he might give us trouble. You are sure that room is empty? I am certain I heard a noise at that moment."

Mr Chester rose quickly and opened the door again. There was nothing about the room to indicate that any one had been there since he last looked in, and he returned and resumed the conversation.

"And you really think that this rascal, Sumter, is in this section?" said Mr. Chester.

"My dear sir, I know it. If Sumter was to be made acquainted with my design, I should be forced to retreat to the Post at once, as his force is larger than mine."

"How do you propose to get into the swamp?"

"By the aid of our friend, Chaffee, if the Sampson has not knocked out his brains."

"Oh, he is not badly hurt, by any means. He will do very well, and be ready to ride with you to-morrow."

"What an impudent devil that Francis is. He took it coolly when you captured him last night. Why was he not put in irons? It is a most remarkable oversight."

"I can not tell. Let us go down. I want you to taste my Madeira; I call it very good."

They passed down the stairs. Directly after Emily pushed aside the heavy curtains which hung before a little recess, and stole down to the lower part of the house, passing them in the hall.

CHAPTER XI.

A HEROIC RIDE.

As she saw them she stopped, and returned Major Campbell's courtly salute.

"I wish to say that I must not be disturbed until morning, when I will answer your proposition as it deserves. I must have time to think."

"Shall you be down to dinner?" asked the old man.

"No, father. I promised to go this morning to Mr. Carroll's. I shall ride in the course of half an hour."

"I do not like to have you ride about the country in its present unsafe state," said Mr. Chester, uneasily. "There are many marauding bands on both sides, and there is no telling what danger you may incur."

"I fear none, father. I shall take Pompey with me, and send him back when I get to Carroll's."

"As you will, Emily. Pompey, get your mistress' horse and your own. You will see her safe to Mr. Carroll's and then return. But be ready to go for her about six o'clock. Good-day, Emily. You must be home before dark."

Ten minutes after she dashed by, keeping her seat with an ease and grace which few women, even in a section where all the ladies were good equestrians, could excel. Her horse was a large, black thoroughbred, well trained, and accustomed to the Carolina roads. Pompey rattled along behind on one of the farm-horses. She turned as she passed the window, and waved them a farewell with her plumed hat, which both gentlemen acknowledged.

"There are not many girls, if I say it myself, who can keep their seat as firm in a saddle as my little Emily," said the old man. "I am proud of her, and, aside from her disposition to brave me in this one important particular, she never gave me a moment's uneasiness."

The major said nothing, but his eyes followed the retreating figure of the girl and sparkled with intense feeling until she was out of sight.

"Pledge her in a glass of this old Madeira, which has not seen the light for forty years," said the old man. "Fill high; no heeltaps when you drink her health."

"I will do her right," said the major. "Tush; a womanish fear has come over me that it was wrong to allow her to depart. Do you know that there is somewhat of a prophecy hanging over this day, as far as I am concerned. It is mere sorcery, nothing more. I tried a gipsy woman as to my fortune. She studied my hand a moment and then gave me this:

"Fickle and faithless,
Thou shalt not pass scathless
The love of a mother,
A sister or brother,
Thou never hast known;
The love of a woman,
A near love and true one,
To thee shall not come.
Unloved and unloving,
Haste to thy doom,
Dark clouds and heavy storms
Over thee loom!"

"I asked the woman when my fate must come, and she answered me, probably at random, June 21st, 1781. To-morrow is the twenty-first; and, strange as it may seem, I would give a thousand guineas to-morrow had passed."

"Nonsense. Drink deep, and forget the witch. I would have these rambling wretches burned. The day of sorcery is past; and these double dealers who ramble about the country and tell fortunes if you cross their palms with silver or gold are a curse. I am a magistrate, and if they come near my precinct, I will have them committed to prison."

"Yet she was right. My mother died in giving me birth. I am the only child; I have been light, inconstant, faithless—what you will. But it was for the reason that none of the fair dames in Charleston pleased me beyond the moment. Not one of those who frequented Mrs. Rushton's rooms, or those of Balfour, even the divine Harveys, gave more than a passing pang; until I saw your daughter, I can safely say I never loved a woman"

"That is well. I know you love her. If I did not believe that honestly, you should not have her. Think no more of this witch. Ah, this wine warms the heart. I am getting old; I am longing to see my Emily settled by her own fireside. I hope to live to see her children about my knees."

In the mean time Emily was pursuing her course at a quick rate down the road, Pompey galloping along in the rear. The brave girl, assured that her lover, with his small force, was doomed if his enemies closed in upon him, determined on her course at once, and that was to seek out Sumter, and make him acquainted with the position of affairs. The work was a dangerous one. The country swarmed with Tories, who committed many enormities against the Whigs, and even a woman was not safe in traveling.

When out of sight of the house, she turned in her saddle, and ordered Pompey back.

"Massa say I go wid you to de Carroll plantation," said Pompey.

"I order you back. Return at once and say I have no fear and will proceed alone."

Pompey made some demur, at which the spirited girl lifted her whip and rode at him. Pompey, seeing moral suasion approach in the shape of a rawhide, took a hasty departure, grum-

bling all the time. Emily, left to herself, rode on again, taking a road which passed a mile to the left of the plantation, which she was to have visited. The major had told in the course of the conversation which she had overheard, the exact position of Sumter, and she knew that hard riding would bring her to him in an hour.

She was doing this for the sake of her lover and felt no fear. She was armed. A brace of pistols, which he had given her, were in the holsters. She was destined to meet with an adventure early in the day. As she was riding near a dense thicket, she heard a low, suppressed groan. She paused and listened. The sound was not repeated, and she called, in her musical voice:

"Does any one need help?"

"For the love of God," said a feeble voice, "give me some aid."

In an instant she was out of the saddle. Parting the shrubbery, she looked in. A young man, in the dress of an American soldier, lay under the bushes, with his head resting on the moss at the foot of an old stump. His face was distorted by pain, and he cast an anxious look at Emily. A single glance at her sweet face reassured him.

"You are not the one to do me harm," he said. "I have no fear of you."

"Can I help you?" she said. "Are you hurt?"

"I am shot through both legs," he answered. "I am one of Greene's scouts, taking a message to Sumter. Last night I was shot, but the man who did it did not dare to come and see if he had done his work well, and ran away. You see I was ready for him," continued the brave fellow, pointing to the rifle which lay on the sod beside him loaded and primed. "If he had showed his head, he was sure to get it. But I can not move."

"Let me dress your wounds," she said.

She took off a scarf she wore, tore it into pieces and bound up his bleeding limbs with tender care.

"Do you know where Sumter is?" she said. "I am going to him."

"Yes," said he.

"Shall I take your message? I should be glad to do something for the cause."

"Dare I trust you?" he said. "The fate of two armies, Sumter's and Greene's, may hang upon your faith."

"Do I look like a traitress?" she demanded.

"No," he answered. "I can trust you. One thing more. I am a young man, but a student of human nature. Would it be too much to ask whether you have a lover in either army? If so, which one? I mean the one you favor."

"Why do you ask?"

"Because on your answer depends whether I can trust you with my message," he said.

"He is on the American side," she said with a blush.

"His name?"

"Captain Thomas Manly."

"Good! Now indeed I can trust you. Put this letter in a safe place, and carry it to Sumter. It is a matter of life or death. But what will you do if the Tories catch you?"

"I will see to that, sir."

"You shall have the message by word of mouth," he said. "You might lose it. Say to Sumter that he must join his forces with those of Captain Manly and then try to reach Rawdon's front before he gets to Friday's Ferry. Can you remember?"

"Give it to me once more."

He again repeated the message, and she gave it word for word. Having satisfied herself that she now knew it, she prepared to depart.

"And what will you do?"

"Before you come to the dry swamp this side of the river, you will see a small cabin on the edge of the Thurwits plantation. Stop there and tell them where I am, and that I need help; then go your way, for I shall be attended to."

She put the letter in her bosom, and then mounted her horse and rode away again, increasing her speed to make up for the time she had lost in taking care of the unfortunate man.

She had now an additional incentive to caution. As the wounded man had said, the fate of two armies might depend upon her efforts. She was proud of her mission, proud that at last she could do something for the cause, and dashed on with a loose rein over an excellent road. A half-hour's ride

brought her to the cabin of which the wounded man had spoken, as being on the edge of the Thurwits plantation. She rode up to the door and rapped on it with her whip. A young woman of pleasing appearance came to the door.

"I beg your pardon," said Emily. "My mode of approaching your house may seem rude, but I have a message for you. Is your husband in the army of Greene?"

The young woman looked at her sharply before answering, which she did at last.

"I am sure you can wish no harm to a family who have had hard fortune to struggle with since the beginning of the war. Yes. My husband is with Greene."

"He has met with a misfortune," said Emily. "Oh hush, my dear. Do not break out. He is not dangerously hurt, only disabled. Bear up, for he needs your help."

This seemed to nerve the woman, and in as few words as possible Emily told the situation of her husband, and prepared to depart. "Let me kiss your hand," said the poor woman. "You have done a great kindness to us."

Emily, impulsive as usual, threw her disengaged arm about the woman's neck and kissed her lips.

"Never mind me. I am off for the camp of Sumter. Do you know just where to find them?"

"You had better take a boy who stops here for a guide. He knows where they are?"

"Is he known as a Whig?"

"He is not old enough for that, poor boy," said the woman. "His parents are both dead. His father was killed in the Camden battle, when Gates was defeated."

"I think I had better go alone then," said Emily. "I have the advantage of having a father who is reputed loyal, and this may serve me in the work before me, in case we fall in with the Tories. I will leave you now. My name is Emily Chester."

"I know you now, miss. My name is Frampton. You have heard of it, perhaps."

"Why, the Framptons are rich," cried Emily.

"They were once," said the woman. "But Cruger has given our plantation to one of his favorites, and we live here. My husband is a lieutenant in Washington's cavalry, but he sometimes

does scout service. I must bid you a good-by, but I will remember you to the last of my days."

Emily touched her horse, and he bounded away again, on his mission. The road led through a dry swamp, over a grassy path. She was walking her horse through an opening, in sight of a small pond, when a man darted suddenly to the horse's head, while two others sprung out with loaded rifles.

"Halt here, miss," said the man who held the horse. "We must ask you a question or two."

"Why do you stop me on the king's highway?" said Emily, in a spirited tone. "Has it come to such a pass that a lady can not go unrestricted over the road?"

"This is not the king's highway," said the man, with a grin. "This is a Car'lina swamp. We think you may be takin' a message of some kind to the rebels; and if you have any sort of paper about your clothes, hand it out."

"You do not know me, my man. If you offer me any indignity, Major Campbell will make you repent it."

"Do you know Wild Lawrie?"

"I do. Perhaps my name may help you. I am called Emily Chester, and I live on the Congaree."

"By jinks!" she heard him whisper to one of his fellows, "I believe it's the major's gal. Anyhow, we kin s'arch her. Now, miss, don't give us any trouble; we won't do you no harm, but you must give us your message."

"Suppose I have no message?"

"We won't suppose any such thing. You come along with us to a house nigh here and we'll send a decent woman to s'arch ye. If she don't find nothin', all right!"

Emily, seeing no chance of escape from the clutches of the men who had captured her, went with them without further demur. They took her to a house near the river, locked her in a room, and went away in search of the woman. The moment they left the room, Emily took Greene's letter from her bosom, tore it into small pieces, and ate it as rapidly as she could. She had scarcely swallowed the last piece, when the door opened and a woman entered.

"I'm sorry to do it, my young lady," said the woman, who was a good-natured-looking matron, "but I must s'arch you I really must."

"I shall not be angry with you for doing your duty," said Emily. "But I assure you that you will find no hing on my person except private letters, and only two of those. I can give these to you now."

The two letters referred to were from Lawrie Campbell, and she was glad to throw them in the way of her captors, as a proof of her being the one she professed to be. The matron passed these out to the men outside, who, with a delicacy rarely shown by men of their order, and which they would not have shown had they not known that Major Campbell was *éprise* of some fair damsel on the Congaree, did not enter. The matron then searched her thoroughly, but found nothing on her person whatever, calculated to excite suspicion. She reported the fact to the men, and Emily was allowed to come out.

"I beg your pardon, miss," said the leader, touching his hat; "but you came from the direction of Greene's army, and these are times when we can't be too careful."

"You will suffer me to depart?" said Emily.

"Certainly, miss, at once. Will you not have something to eat before you go? It is a long ride from the Chester plantation."

"It is indeed; but I am not hungry. I took a *slight repast not long since.*"

Of course the man could not know to what repast she referred, and her horse was brought out and she was suffered to depart. Although Greene's letter had been destroyed, she remembered its contents well, and nothing had been lost. The Tory gave her a pass, which would take her through any bands which might lie in her way. She found this of service, for she was stopped twice in going five miles. The last party, after looking at the pass, told her to take care how she went, for Sumter lay not far off.

"How shall I avoid him?" she asked.

"Go on this road about a mile, when you will come to a fork. Take the right-hand fork, for as sure as you take the other one you will drop onto some of Sumter's scouts."

"Thank you," said Emily, with a covert smile, as she rode away. She reached the forks of the road of which he spoke, and, with a forgetfulness of the Tory's caution which would

have surprised him, she took the left-hand fork, which he had told her would lead her into the clutches of Sumter's scouts! He was right. She had not ridden half a mile upon this road, when a stalwart fellow started up before her, dressed in an American uniform.

"Are you one of Sumter's men?" she asked. "If you are, take me to him, for I have a message for him from Greene."

The man stared at the beautiful messenger a moment, and then, turning on his heel, led the way through the woods. In a few moments she stood in the presence of the great partisan leader, who was seated on a log, striking nervously at his riding-boot with the whip he held in his hand. You could read his impetuous character in his face. His hair was brushed back from his high forehead, and now and then he thrust the fingers of his left hand through it in a nervous manner.

"I tell you," said Sumter, speaking to one of his officers who stood near, "it is time that Manly joined me, or Greene sent me word to come. Rawdon is on the move, and we ought to be at Friday's Ferry before him. I wonder Greene don't send; it is full time. If this Manly would join me, we might make a dash at some Post—either Ninety-six or at Orangeburg."

"We shall hear from them soon," said the officer, who wore the uniform of a colonel. "You are too impatient, Tom."

"Impatient! Any one ought to be impatient in these times, when every thing hangs in the balance. Ha! Whom have we here? A woman! What masquerade is here? You speak to her, Singleton; you are more of a ladies' man than I. Do I know her? Yes, by Jove, it is the little girl who gave me a garland of flowers on the Congaree, after I came out of my bed from the affair at Blackstocks—Emily Chester. *I'll* speak to her."

But Emily gave him no time to speak; she was before him.

"Mount and away, General Sumter. Your companion and friend, Manly, is in danger," she cried.

"But the orders," he said; "I can not march without them."

"I have them," she said. And in as few words as possible

she detailed the manner in which the letter of Greene came into her hands, and how she lost it

"Hurrah!" cried Sumter. "But who will guide me?"

"I," cried Emily. "Come on!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE LAST STRUGGLE. L'ENVOI.

MANLY retreated to the swamp, and made his preparations to join forces with Sumter, directly after the return of the scouts. It was nearly night when Peter and Darby, muddy and tired, made their way to the island, and made their leader acquainted with the trouble they had so lately undergone, and the danger which was so rapidly approaching them in their retreat. Manly, who was bold and resolute, did not know that an enemy threatened them except in the front, knowing nothing of the coming of Phillips in the rear. Early in the morning he heard signals, and knew that the enemy were in the woods. He determined to stay and fight it out, for he had promised Major Campbell to meet him, and determined to keep his word.

Campbell came sooner than he was expected, but he found them prepared. At the creek the first stand was made, and the horsemen of Campbell, as they came up, were met by a discharge of rifles, which emptied several saddles. At this place the energy of Chaffee, who had insisted upon accompanying the expedition, showed itself. He ordered fifty of the men to dismount, tie their horses and push forward as skirmishers along the bank of the creek, and keep the enemy in play, while the rest of the troop crossed above and below, and drove back the advanced posts of the Whigs, who retreated sullenly, fighting inch by inch. They knew the ground best, and Campbell suffered severely in crossing. When this was effected, the bugles of Manly were heard, and his men, obedient to the signal, drew slowly off, but showing their teeth to the enemy.

Except for Chaffee, Campbell could have done nothing in this position. But the sergeant was indefatigable. His rage against Francis was unappeasable. The idea that the man should escape, after he had him in his clutches, was something maddening. He was everywhere encouraging the men, and entreating them, if they saw Pete Francis or Captain Manly, to bring them down. All this time they were forcing back the Whigs by main strength, and waiting for the coming of Phillips, whose signal had not been heard. Manly's men were yet on foot, and, sheltered by the heavy trees, maintained a desperate and skillful defense. Campbell, who was a good soldier, could not help giving them credit for this.

"Push on quickly," he cried. "If they keep this up we shall lose too many of our men. Push on."

"Not too fast, major. Excuse me, but you don't know these devils as I do. They must be humored, not drove. They've got fighting blood in 'em. Take care."

A bullet, better aimed than common, had struck the bullion on the epaulet of the major, and scattered it in every direction.

"That was well meant," said Lawrie, laughing. "They send me the compliments of the season. But it is hardly gentlemanly to strip me of my rank in this way."

"We must take them on foot," cried the sergeant. "Our men make too good marks in the saddle."

"No, no," cried the major. "Charge. Drive them from their covers. Curse this Phillips. Why does he not come?"

As if in answer to his question they heard a bugle near at hand which was not from Manly. "That must be Phillips," cried the major. "He is coming. Up boys, and at them."

The dragoons answered by a ringing cheer and rushed upon the Whigs like a flood. But these determined men met them as desperately, and for awhile held them back. But they were too weak in point of numbers to resist long, when it came to the close push. They retreated, not rapidly, but as before, like the lion surrounded by enemies, retiring for advantage, showing a gallant front. Suddenly the red-coats came upon a sort of barricade and abatis which had been hastily formed the night before, and to which the Whigs had retreated. Campbell led his men up to this barricade with desperate

courage, in spite of the entreaties of Chaffee, who knew that they must lose if they attacked this place in front. Campbell only saw his error when he was beaten back, leaving ten of his men dead before the barricade, and thrice that number wounded. Following the advice of Chaffee, he now dismounted his troopers, and separating them into two columns, filed off to the right and left. This flank movement forced Manly out of his position, and he retreated again.

Affairs were growing desperate for the Whigs. And, at the moment when they had nearly reached the island, they heard bugles in their rear.

"What can that mean?" said Manly. "None of our fellows are out, Peter?"

"Not one," said Peter. "I don't like to say it, but from the way they have hung back till now, I think they have been waiting for reinforcements."

"We must run soon, I am afraid," said Manly, grating his teeth. "I should like to stay here and end it, but for the men."

"We'll stand by you," shouted the men.

"Thank you, my boys. That is patriotic. That is worthy of you. Close up again and teach the hirelings not to follow us into our dens, and die game, if we must die, as old Sumter's men have always done."

The men answered by a cheer. As it lulled, Pete Francis stood in a listening attitude, with hand upraised for attention.

"Hush! No, I'm goin' mad. What do you think I had in my mind, boys? As I live by bread I thought I heard the big hoarse bugler that always rides with Armstrong's troop in Sumter's brigade. I'm crazy. Git ready. It's a-comin'."

They scattered themselves along the verge of the island, and kept up a heavy fire upon the coming foe until the enemy which so often followed the Americans in battle began to threaten them. Their ammunition was nearly gone, and they could hear the horses of Phillips breaking through the bushes, from the south.

"Sabers!" cried the captain. "Die hard. I wish I could see Emily again. If you escape, old Peter, say to her that I did my duty."

"I shan't escape, if *you* don't, Peter," said grimly, as he led

out his horse and mounted. "Let's have a dash at Phillips as soon as he strikes solid ground."

As he spoke, Phillips struggled out of the bog and gained a firm footing. Then came the charge, the mad cheer, the cry for vengeance or for mercy, and the band of Phillips were swept back into the treacherous place from which they had sprung. Manly rode back, wiping his bloody saber upon his horse's mane. He saw that Campbell had got his whole troop into position.

"One more charge for the honor of the country," said Manly. "There is no escape. Die fighting, boys. If you are thrown back, then run, if you like, and God be with you."

They had gathered the reins for that last rush. As they did so, and the men of Manly had given up all but the hope of vengeance, the bugle which they had heard before sounded, and they heard horses breaking through the underbrush, in the rear of Campbell's men. The next moment a black horse bounded from the cover and rushed between the opposing forces, bearing on his back a woman.

It was Emily Chester!

Behind her came the wild riders of Sumter, cheering madly, and eager for the fray. What hope was there for the band of Campbell? Most of them surrendered, and when the fight was over, they found Lawrie Campbell lying on his back, dead, with a bullet through his brain.

And Emily and her lover, at length united, sat in the shadow and talked of those who were gone.

Chaffee had turned to fly. He escaped the press and reached the river-bank. Here he had paused to let his ho' horse drink, looking at the other bank.

"The gipsy said the major would die to-day," he muttered, "and she were right. She said I should die, an' she lied I am safe yit."

Even as he spoke a dark form rose from the bushes and seized him in its long arms. He uttered a yell of terror, for he saw the face in the sunlight, and it was Clem Waters, the man he had killed upon that river, not many hours before!

"Come down," shrieked Clem, with the fires of madness in his eye. "You thort you killed me. Ye didn't. Come down!"

The sergeant was a strong man, but he was dragged down and tied in a moment. The maniac laughed wildly, and took a coil of rope from about his body.

"Do you see this? Ho! ho! Do you see this, Ned Chaffee? It's the rope you hung my father with. It's for your neck. Ah-ha!"

It would do no good to trace the terrible scene which ensued. Clem was merciless, and when Peter Francis passed that way next morning, he found Chaffee hanging by the neck, and Clem seated underneath the tree, dead. His father was avenged.

Tom Manly and Emily were married by a Tory justice, whom the Sampson captured and brought into the swamp. Then she returned to her father's house, and there remained until the war ended. Manly fought it out and was at the siege of Yorktown, and saw the place surrendered. Through all, the Sampson remained true to him, accompanied by Darby Garraghan, his constant friend. Their adventures would have filled a volume.

When Manly returned to his plantation, the sergeant went with him, and set up a forge near Camden. And there, with Darby for a helper, he made the anvil ring till the Master called him home.

THE END.

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